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For the Companion.

MY LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

The first time that I saw her was one autumn morning as I rode to town in a horse-car. It was early, and my only fellow-passenger was a crusty old gentleman, who sat in a corner, reading his paper; so when the car stopped, I glanced out to see who came next, hoping it would be a pleasanter person. No one appeared for a minute, and the car stood still, while both driver and conductor looked in the same direction without a sign of impatience. I looked also, but all I could see was a little girl running across the park, as girls of twelve or thirteen seldom run now-a-days, if any one can see them.

"Are you waiting for her?" I asked of the pleasant-faced conductor, who stood with his hand on the bell, and a good-natured smile in his eyes.

"Yes, ma'am, we always stop for little missy," he answered; and just then up she came, all rosy and breathless with her run.

"Thank you very much. I'm late to-day, and was afraid I should miss my car," she said, as he helped her in with a fatherly air that was pleasant to see.

Taking a corner seat, she smoothed the curly locks, disturbed by the wind, put on her gloves, and settled her books in her lap, then modestly glanced from the old gentleman in the opposite corner to the lady near by. Such a bright little face as I saw under the brown hat-rim, happy blue eyes, dimples in the ruddy cheeks, and the innocent expression which makes a young girl so sweet an object to old eyes!

The crusty gentleman evidently agreed with me, for he peeped over the top of the paper at his pleasant little neighbor as she sat studying a lesson, and cheering herself with occasional sniffs at a posy of mignonette and sweet peas.

When the old gentleman caught my eye, he dived out of sight with a loud "Hem!" but he was peeping again directly, for there was something irresistibly attractive about the unconscious lassie opposite; and one could no more help looking at her than at a lovely flower or a playful kitten.

Presently she shut her book with a decided pat, and an air of relief that amused me. She saw the half smile I could not repress, seemed to understand my sympathy, and said with a laugh,—

"It was a hard lesson, but I've got it!"

So we began to talk about school and lessons, and I soon discovered that the girl was a clever scholar, whose only drawback was, as she confided to me, a "love of fun."

We were just getting quite friendly, when several young men got in, one of whom stared at the pretty child till even she observed it, and showed that she did by the color that came and went in her cheeks. It annoyed me as much as if she had been my own little daughter, for I like modesty, and have often been troubled by the forward manners of school-girls, who seem to enjoy being looked at. So I helped this one out of her little trouble by making room between the old gentleman and myself, and motioning her to come and sit there.

She understood at once, thanked me with a look, and nestled into the safe place so gratefully, that the old gentleman glared over his spectacles at the rude person who had disturbed the serenity of the child.

Then we rumbled along again, the car getting fuller and fuller as we got down town. Presently an Irishwoman, with a baby, got in, and before I could offer my seat, my little school-girl was out of hers, with a polite,—

"Please take it, ma'am, I can stand perfectly well."

It was prettily done, and I valued the small courtesy all the more, because it evidently cost the bashful creature an effort to stand up alone in a car full of strangers; especially as she could not

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reach the strap to steady herself, and found it difficult to stand comfortably.

Then it was that the crusty man showed how he appreciated my girl's good manners, for he hooked his cane in the strap, and gave it to her, saying, with a smile that lighted up his rough face like sunshine,—

"Hold on to that, my dear."

"Ah," thought I "how little we can judge from appearances. This grim old soul is a gentleman, after all."

Turning her face towards us, the girl held on to the stout cane, and swayed easily to and fro as we bumped over the rails. The Irishwoman's baby, a sickly little thing, was attracted by the flowers, and put out a small hand to touch them, with a wistful look at the bright face above.

"Will baby have some?" said my girl, and made the little creature happy with a gay sweet pea and some red leaves.

"Bless your heart, honey, it's fond he is of the like o' them, and seldom he gets any," said the mother, gratefully, as she settled baby's dirty hood, and wrapped the old shawl round his feet.

Baby stared hard at the giver of posies, but his honest blue eyes gave no offence, and soon the two were so friendly that baby boldly clutched at the bright buttons on her sack, and crowed with delight when he got one, while we all smiled at the pretty play, and were sorry when the little lady, with a bow and a smile to us, got out at the church corner.

"Now I shall probably never see that child again, yet what a pleasant picture she leaves in my memory," I thought to myself, as I caught a last glimpse of the brown hat, going round the corner.

But I did see her again many times that winter, for not long after, as I passed down a certain street near my winter quarters, I came upon a flock of girls, eating their luncheon as they walked to and fro on the sunny side,—pretty, merry creatures, all laughing and chattering at once, as they tossed apples from hand to hand, munched candy, or compared cookies. I went slowly, to enjoy the sight, as I do when I meet a party of sparrows on the Common, and was wondering what would become of so many budding women, when, all of a sudden, I saw *my* little school-girl.

Yes, I knew her in a minute, for she wore the same brown hat, and the rosy face was sparkling with fun, as she told secrets with a chosen friend, while eating a wholesome slice of bread and butter as only a hungry school-girl could.

She did not recognize me, but I took a good look at her as I went by, longing to know what the particular secret was that ended in such a gale of laughter.

After that, I often saw my girl as I took my walks abroad, and one day could not resist speaking to her when I met her alone, for usually her mates clustered round her like bees about their queen, which pleased me, since it showed how much they loved the sunshiny child.

I had a paper of grapes in my hand, and when I saw her coming, whisked out a handsome bunch all ready to offer, for I had made up my mind to speak this time. She was reading a paper, but looked up to give me the inside of the walk.

Before her eyes could fall again, I held out the grapes and said, just as I had heard her say more than once to a schoolmate at lunch-time, "Let's go halves."

She understood at once, laughed, and took the bunch, saying, with twinkling eyes,—

"O, thank you! they are beauties!"

Then, as we went on to the corner together, I told her why I did it, and recalled the car-ride.

"I'd forgotten all about that, but my conductor is very kind, and always waits for me," she said, evidently surprised that a stranger should take an interest in her small self.

I did not have half time enough with her, for a bell rang, and away she skipped, looking back to nod and smile at the queer lady who had taken a fancy to her.

A few days afterward a fine nosegay of flowers was left at the door for me, and when I asked the servant who sent them, he answered,—

"A little girl asked if a lame lady didn't live here, and when I said yes, she told me to give you these, and say, 'The grapes were very nice.'"

I knew at once who it was, and enjoyed the funny message immensely, for when one leads a quiet life, little things interest and amuse.

Christmas was close by, and I planned a return for the flowers, of a sort that I fancied my young friend would appreciate.

I knew that Christmas week would be a holiday, so the day before it began, I went to the school just before recess, and left a frosted, plummy cake, directed to "Miss Goldilocks, from she knows who."

At first I did not know how to address my nice, white parcel, for I never had heard the child's name. But after thinking over the matter, I remembered that she was the only girl there with yellow curls hanging down her back, so I decided to risk the cake with the above direction.

The maid who took it in (for my girl went to a private school) smiled, and said at once she knew who I meant. I left my cake and strolled round the corner to the house of a friend, there to wait and watch for the success of my joke, for the girls always went that way at recess.

Presently the little hats began to go bobbing by, the silent street to echo with laughter, and the sidewalk to bloom with gay gowns, for the girls were all out in winter colors now.

From behind a curtain I peeped at them, and saw, with great satisfaction, that nearly all had bits of my cake in their hands, and were talking it over with the most flattering interest. My particular little girl, with a friend on each arm, passed so near me that I could see the happy look in her eyes, and hear her say, with a toss of the bright hair,—

"Mother will plan it for me, and I can get it done by New Year. Won't it be fun to hang it on the door some day, and then run?"

I fancied that she meant to make something for me, and waited with patience, wondering how this odd frolic with my little school-girl would end.

New Year's Day came and passed, but no gift hung on my door; so I made up my mind it was all a mistake, and being pretty busy about that time, thought no more of the matter till some weeks later, as I came into town one day after a visit in the country.

I am fond of observing faces, and seldom forget one if anything has particularly attracted my attention to it. So this morning, as I rode along, I looked at the conductor, as there was no one else to observe, and he had a pleasant sort of face. Somehow, it looked familiar, and after thinking idly about it for a minute, I remembered where I had seen it before.

He was the man who waited for "little missy," and I at once began to hope that she would come again, for I wanted to ask about the holidays, remembering how "fond of fun" she was.

When we came to the South End Square, where I met her first, I looked out, expecting to see the little figure running down the wide path again, and quite willing to wait for it a long time if necessary. But no one was to be seen but two boys and a dog. The car did not stop, and though the conductor looked out that way, his hand was not on the strap, and no smile on his face.

"Don't you wait for the little girl now?" I asked, feeling disappointed at not seeing my pretty friend again.

"I wish I could, ma'am," answered the man, understanding at once, though of course he did not remember me.

"New rules, perhaps?" I added, as he did not explain, but stood fingering his punch, and never minding an old lady, wildly waving her bag at him from the sidewalk.

"No, ma'am; but it's no use waiting for little missy any more, because"—here he leaned in and said, very low,—"she is dead;" then turned sharply round, rung the bell, put the old lady in and shut the door.

How grieved I was to have that pleasant friendship end so sadly, for I had planned many small surprises for my girl, and now I could do no more, could never know all about her, never see the sunny face again, or win another word from lips that seemed made for smiling.

Only a little school-girl, yet how many friends she seemed to have, making them unconsciously by her gentle manners, generous actions, and innocent light-heartedness. I could not bear to think what home must be without her, for I am sure I was right in believing her a good, sweet child, because real character shows itself in little things, and the heart that always keeps in tune makes its music heard everywhere.

The busy man of the horse-car found time to miss her, the schoolmates evidently mourned their queen, for when I met them they walked quietly, talked low, and several wore black bows upon the sleeve; while I, although I never knew her name, or learned a single fact about her, felt the sweetness of her happy nature, and have not yet forgotten my little school-girl.

A GRAMMARIAN'S LAST WORDS.—The slavish minutiæ of the old rabbis in matters of language had its reason in their reverence for Hebrew. But there are modern quiddity-mongers who go quite as far as they. The *Christian Union* says:

The Germans are the great microscopists of scholarship. They tell me a story in point. A learned professor in these parts lay upon his death-bed reviewing the work of his life. He had been a teacher of the literature of Homer, and had for a specialty the Greek particles.

A colleague stood by, administering words of consolation, and remarked that he might well survey his career with satisfaction, as having been productive of benefit to mankind.

"Yes, I hope so," said the departing professor; "but were I to live my life over again, I think I should confine my attention to the dative case!"

For the Companion.

SQUIB.

"The young Indian has come, father!" cried Joe Wilkins, running into the broad kitchen where the old farmer was lighting his pipe. "I'll have some nice fun with him!"

"Don't let your fun hinder his work," said the old farmer, gruffly. "I've been tormented with stupid Irish and saucy Yankees till—much as I hate the race—I've determined to try an Injun, and I mean to put this one through."

Squib now stood before them, with his bundle put over a stick on his shoulder.

"Bright and early, ha?" continued the farmer. "Well, that's a good sign. Here, Joe, give him a hoe and set him at that sufferin' potato patch."

"I don't believe he's had his breakfast, father," said Joe, thoughtfully.

"What, not had his breakfast at nine o'clock!" cried the farmer.

"I've walked twelve miles since daylight," said Squib. "I slipped off without waking old Nancy; and there was nothing but raw cod in the house. I didn't wait to cook it, because I knew you was in a hurry for me."

"Very good; there's plenty to eat here, and plenty to do, too; and I guess you and I will get on well together, as long's you keep humble, and don' forget what you sprung from."

A hot flush darted into the tawny cheeks of the boy as he asked,—

"What did I spring from?"

"O, from Injuns. I didn't mean no harm, but only warned you not to grow proud and forget it," said the farmer.

"I don't want to forget it, and if I did, the white folks wouldn't let me," replied Squib, a little bitterly.

"Well, well, eat your bacon and johnny-cake, and we'll get on well, I guess. I can forgive a fellow anything but laziness!"

Squib wondered what he had done to need forgiveness; but he said nothing.

He proved a rare boy at work, accomplishing fully as much as the departed Pat, at half the wages. He soon became a great favorite with Joe and Sam. He made kites, bats, slings and snares, but he never played when he should be at work. A farmer, unlike a mechanic, can make his "day" ten or fifteen hours, according to his spirit, or the pressure of business; so Squib's evenings were usually very short.

One day when Squib had got through with a hard day's work on the farm, the old man came upon him and his own boys in the barn chamber, stuffing a rare bird they had found in the wheat-field.

There had been a shower on the new-mown hay, and the old man was out of temper with everybody.

"Am I payin' you ten dollars a month and your board for foolin' with dead trash like that?" he cried to Squib. "If you steal my time, you rob me as much as if you stole my money!"

Fire flashed from the young Indian's eye, and, throwing down the bird and the knife, he said, "This is my time, and whenever you make me work after six o'clock, you're a thief!"

"Squib didn't mean to say that!" cried Joe; "but you know this is his time. He's worked since six o'clock this morning."

"Here, boy, don't ever let me ketch you sidin' with an Injun agin your father, or I'll set you adrift, and give the farm to Sam! This fellow has got so smart since he's been here, that he forgets what he sprung from!"

"What did I spring from?" cried Squib, now thoroughly angry.

"From savages that roved the woods, and lived like animals on what they found growin' and roamin'!" cried the mean old man.

"And you sprung from savages that stole their land long ago, and have kept on stealing from them and cheating them ever since! I know that my fathers were rovers, and I feel their spirit, like fire in me, tempting me to rove from place to place without settling down to work. But I'm fighting with it every day, for I'm resolved to be a man, and to make men see that I am, even if my hair is black and coarse, and my skin dark! I will be honest and industrious, and I'll make men treat me right! No man shall call me bad names, nor impose on me!"

The rough, hard man was roused now, and he cried, "That's fine talk from a fellow that hain't a shelter, not even among the animals, if I turn you off to-night!"

"I've got a shelter in every house in my town, and a home with old mammy, and she knows you for a villain!"

Squib took his gun from the beam overhead, and saying "Good-bye" to the boys, began to descend the ladder.

"Don't go, Squib! Father'll get over this in an hour. Mother'll straighten him all out," said Joe, who had followed him down.

"I can't stand him another hour!" cried Squib. "Come over to Nancy's some time, and see all my things, and I'll give you my stuffed raccoon. Your father's angry with God for the shower, and he's going to make me suffer for it. But that needn't make you and me quarrel."

"Here, you young Injun scoundrel," cried Wilkins, "if you go off and leave me in the middle of harvest, I'll have the law of you!"

"Laws never done much for my people, and"—Squib was just going to say he wouldn't obey the laws; but he remembered old Nancy, and the promises he had made her; and, pressing his white teeth together to keep back the angry words, he took up his march towards the poor cabin, twelve miles away, that he called home.

Squib was full of anger, and hatred, and revenge when he reached the door just before midnight. He looked in at the one little window, and over the poor room, lighted by the moon.

It was very different from the comfortable farm-house, where he had spent a year. Two or three broken chairs, a table, a poor bed, and a shelf full of pans and dishes; this formed old Nancy's stock of furniture.

But up stairs, in a little loft, reached by a ladder, he knew there was a place brighter to him than even the parlor of the farm-house,—a rude room, whose board walls were covered with stuffed birds, squirrels, rabbits, deers' horns, raccoons' skins, birds', hornets' and wasps' nests, and everything else that a boy who loves nature is sure to gather around him in the country.

Squib was to have had one Sunday in each month to go home, but as the hard farmer had required him to milk, and do all his night and morning "chores" on that day, as well as on all other days, the short time left between the two walks of twelve miles hardly paid him for the fatigue; so that his visits had been very rare.

He walked into the cabin softly, and woke the old woman, who was half Indian, half negro.

"I've come home to stay now, mammy," he said.

"You stayed at Wilkins' longer'n I 'spected, child," was the reply. "I never advised you to go work for that old villain."

Then Squib told her the story of his hard life and recent insult, and said, "I'd rather work for God as my Master, fishin' in His waters and shootin' in His woods, than for the best farmer alive; but still, mammy, I want to grow up like white men, and have a farm, and live like white folks, and make a lady of you!"

"The good Lord's done *that* last a'ready, Squibby; but if you gets to be a big man, I wants to be a bigger lady, to match you, so's you won't be ashamed of your old mammy 'mong white folks."

"I wish I had a farm of my own, with no white man to call me an 'Indian cub,' mammy; but I know I never will have one."

"I *wishes* you had, and more'n that, Squibby, I knows you owns a farm now," said old Nancy.

"I? Where?" cried Squib, in astonishment.

Old Nancy rose, threw a gay blanket round her, and took down a hatchet from a beam in the wall.

"Now, sonny," she said, "I's goin' to tell you a secret, and to show you a secret, too."

She then gave two or three heavy blows on a board in the floor, at the foot of the bed, with the hatchet, till she saw it yield. Then she said, "Your arm is stronger than mine; pry up that square piece of board, sonny."

Squib did as he was bidden, when old Nancy put her arm down into the opening, and drew up a rude pine box, covered with dust and mould. She motioned for him to replace the board, took the box on her lap, and sat down. She crossed her thin hands over the top of it, and, with the air of a sibyl, she said,—

"Squibam, son of Squibam, and grandson of Ockeram, who was six feet six inches high, and whose spirit was never broken by the wrongs of the white man, hear me! I saw your grandfather die, holdin' this box in his hand. He had swapped off a big cedar swamp with Wilkins, for the little place by the herring-pond and mill-race. When the high cedars were all cut down, your grandfather asked for the deed; and Wilkins abused him, and said he didn't want that miserable swamp, and wouldn' have Injuns for neighbors. Your grandfather was too sick to go to law. He got white men that know all about it to sign these papers, and then he died. But God didn't die!

"Your father was a sailor, and had to go right off to the Spanish main. In eight months he sent back this bag of gold to your mother, but he was never heard from again. She died when you was four years old, and left you and the box in my care. Old Judge Simmons knows all about the cedar swamp business, and he'll help you get the little farm."

It was with a happy and merry heart that Squib lay down that night among his stuffed birds, minks and raccoons. And he rose a full-grown man in his own esteem, although not yet eighteen years old.

When spoken to about the matter, the judge said, "Squib ought to have the farm, for Wilkins had the worth of it in wood, and dealt very unjustly with old Ockeram. I will show him these papers, signed by men who knew all about the transaction, and I think he will yield it up at once, rather than be disgraced. There are a dozen men living to-day who stood ready to help your father to claim his rights, had he returned to do so."

"Wilkins had good reason for hating my people, then," said Squib. "But if I live to get my little farm, I'll take old mammy's advice, and be a good neighbor and forgive him,—though I heard him say that an Indian never forgives."

When all the testimony was read by old Judge Simmons to Wilkins, he trembled and turned pale. "This is out of malice, because I turned off that lazy young cub!" he said.

But he soon learned that the Indian boy had friends who meant to secure his rights, and he grew sarcastic.

"What," he said, "does Squib want that miserable little farm, so as to be neighbor to me? I offered to give it to his grandfather in pay for wood I had of him, but neither he nor Squib's father thought it worth taking, and never came for the deed."

Squib did think it worth taking, and on his eighteenth birthday the deed of the nice little place was put into his hand.

By the advice of wise friends, Squib spent the gold in the little bag for a horse, cow, farm utensils, and a little very simple furniture. He moved old Nancy from her poor cabin to the neat cottage, and announced his intention of going to school winters till he should become a good scholar, and be an honor to the race he "sprung from."

The very first evening Squib spent in his new home, he was surprised by a visit from his merry friend Joe, with the half-stuffed bird in his hand. "Come," he said, as if they had parted only an hour before, "let's finish this fellow, and hang him up as a token of friendship between us. Mother's glad you've got your rights, and I'm glad to have you for a neighbor. I must get you and father together, and have you bury a hatchet, as your forefathers used to do when they forgave and tried to forget old quarrels. I'll bring you milk, or anything else you want, till you get settled, and we'll try to be good neighbors to each other."

"Yes," said Squib, laughing, "but your father must never expect me to forget what I sprung from, for that I won't do."

J. D. C.

For the Companion.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON SHIPS.

I want to tell you what I know about ships. In the first place, there are a good many kinds of ships. The Steamship sails over the ocean, to take people on long voyages, and bring nice things from other countries.

Friendship is a very pleasant sort of a ship, that everybody ought to have an interest in. Hardship I do not know much about, but from what I've heard, I don't think there is a single stick of soft timber in it.

Worship is one of the best of ships, something after the fashion of the "old Ship of Zion," the old folks used to sing about. The Ship of State is very useful and necessary. It's too big a ship for me to understand. People say it is built on politics and manned by politicians. Perhaps some time, when the pin-feathers are grown on my political wings, I shall be able to make a speech and tell something about it.

But now I come to the most popular of all ships—Courtship. Of course I never sailed in it. Those people who have declare that its voyages are made between the State of single blessedness and the land of matrimony. Sometimes it runs in smooth water, and is very safe and comfortable, but very often the passengers have rough weather, and are seasick, and have altogether an uncomfortable time of it.

My sister says that young people are never satisfied till they have taken a sail on this ship. What seems most strange is, that if they are wrecked, and barely escape with their lives, they are just as anxious to get aboard again the very first opportunity.

For my part, I am puzzled to know what it is that makes Courtship so attractive. Those who have tried it say that the fare consists principally of sighs, soft looks, honeyed words and kisses, and that you are never allowed more than half a night's sleep at a time. Father says it is no uncommon thing for a passenger to lose in flesh ten pounds a month when on a short trip. Tom, my chum, says that I shall have to go out on Courtship if I ever get to the land of matrimony; and that it is a great deal better than going to bachelor's kingdom on the slow-sailing line of Hardships.

When I am old enough to choose, and there is no other way, of course I shall try it, provided I can get a girl to go along with me, for I forgot to say that people always go in pairs on Courtship.

S. H. Y. T.

For the Companion.

THE YOUNG TREASURE-SEEKERS.

By Marie B. Williams.

A terrible storm was raging on Lake Calcasieu in South-western Louisiana. Rain, wind, and sharp flashes of lightning, made this July day as disagreeable to the inhabitants of the lake shore as could be well imagined. Particularly disagreeable was it to the boys in Mr. S.'s school-house, which stood on the edge of the lake. Not that they apprehended any danger,—but it was too bad to be kept in, during recess, when a great cricket-match was to have come off that very noon.

Two of the largest boys were gazing intently through the window at the opposite line of coast, which was about three miles distant. Or at least they were gazing where they knew the coast ought to be; for there was nothing visible but two or three tall objects, looking like the masts of vessels. They were the few trees on the island of Hackberry, and one towered above the others like a giant.

"Look,—look, Tom!" said one of them. "I really believe the lightning struck the 'blasted pine.' It's the third time in as many years that same tree has been struck. What do you think is the cause?"

Tom Drang, a stout, heavy-looking youngster, about seventeen, looked vacantly up and down, and over the lake, but failed to arrive at any conclusion.

"Don't know, I'm sure, Mike, lest it's 'cause that tree's higher than anything else on Hackberry Island."

"Pshaw! Now, Tom, I'm going to tell you a secret. Promise you'll never tell?"

Tom promised readily enough, and Mike lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"You know old Domingo the sailor? Well, I heard him talking the other night, and he said there's sure to be metal buried at the foot of that tree, because it attracts the lightning. That's why it's struck so often. Domingo ought to know, for people do say he was one of Lafitte's men. You know this was a great country for the pirates."

Tom Drang's stolid face looked puzzled.

"Metal, you say,—what kind of metal?"

"Why, gold and silver, of course. Did you never hear that pirate vessels used to come in here for fresh water? When other vessels were chasing them in the gulf, they would slip in the mouth of the Calcasieu River, pass through this lake, and hide in Black Bayou yonder. First-rate hiding-place it is."

"But what's that to do with the gold and silver at the foot of the pine?" asked Tom, his slow mind getting hopelessly muddled by his companion's rapid speech.

"O, you ninny! Don't you know pirates always have lots of money,—enough to sink a vessel? They always bury it in safe places, with a cross or something cut on a tree near it, just as it is on the big pine. I've seen the cross there lots of times, but I didn't know what it meant till Domingo told me.

"You know how Money Hill is dug over? Well, twenty years ago, they say some men carrying spades landed from a strange vessel, and they dug in different places on the hill, and drew up six iron boxes. Nobody knew where the men came from, or where they went to. The folks near the hill have been digging in it ever since, but I never heard they found anything. But there's lots of treasure in this country, if we only knew where to look for it."

Tom Drang did not speak for some time. At last he inquired, suddenly:

"If Domingo and other folks think there's money buried under the pine, why don't they dig for it?"

"They're afraid,—that's why. They're a lot of ignorant, superstitious people, and they think the devil guards his own, and that he'll give 'em a good fight before he'll let 'em take any ill-gotten treasure from him."

Tom Drang shuddered, for his own mind was not free from superstition. But he was ashamed to express his opinions to Michel Wiltz, who was considered the brightest boy in school, as well as the wildest and most disobedient.

He simply asked, "What do you think of it, Michel?"

Michel shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Why, it's humbug, man. It does for little children, and people who can't read or write. In fact"—(with a pompous, conceited air)—"I'm not clear in my own mind about there being a devil anywhere. You never saw him, did you,—and you never knew anybody who had seen him,—eh?"

Tom tried to remember if the Satanic Majesty of whom he stood in salutary awe had ever been made visible to him, but Michel broke in upon his meditations.

"You see, Tom, I'm bound to look for the treasure at Hackberry. It's been in my mind a long time, but I hadn't laid all my plans. It's the dark of the moon, and we'll start Saturday night, when all the boys are asleep in the dormitory. Of course you'll go with me?"

"What will Mr. S. say?" asked Tom.

Michel turned angrily upon him.

"Who's going to say anything to Mr. S. about it? He may say what he pleases, when he does find out, for I don't care even if he expels me. I'm big enough, I reckon, to paddle my own canoe. 'Twill be paddling, sure enough, on the lake, for if the wind isn't fair Saturday night, we can't hoist sail, and must row the skiff over. Three good miles it is, I reckon."

"I—I don't think I'll go," stammered Tom.

The idea of a midnight trip across the lake, with the chances of some terrible encounter at Hackberry, and the certainty of expulsion from the school should the master find it out, was not an alluring prospect to Tom Drang. He was a tolerably good boy, only too much under the influence of his reckless associate. Michel was quite ready for some such contingency. He answered in a cool, indifferent manner,—

"So you won't go,—eh? Well, just as you please. I proposed it, because we've always been such friends, you know. I'm most sure of finding the money, and it don't much matter who I share it with. There's Eli Johnson, ready for any lark, and he wants money awfully to buy that white pony of Carriere's. I'm going right off to him. But look here, Tom,—no tattling to the boys."

What? Eli Johnson, whom Tom hated as only a school-boy could hate? Eli, who was forever beating him at cricket and base ball, and crowing over him like an insolent braggadocia as he was? Was Eli to go about with a pocket full of money, and a mouth full of boasts? Never!

"I reckon I'd better go," he said, in a very determined manner.

Mike knew what he was about when he threw Eli Johnson out as a clincher. He wanted Tom's strong arms for rowing and digging, and he knew he could do as he pleased with him.

So the matter was settled. The spades were to be taken from the garden, and as several skiffs and sail-boats were always fastened to the little wooden wharf, they would find no difficulty in getting a good craft. Living on the lake-shore, the boys of Mr. S.'s school were all pretty good sailors, and Mike and Tom among the best.

The school-boys were very much perplexed at the mysterious and constant confidential whisperings between the two friends. No more games and wrestling-matches for them. They only seemed to care about getting out of hearing, and then begin a low-voiced but excited conversation.

Whatever might be the secret, Tom Drang knew all about it, and Tom Drang could be made to tell if skilfully approached. It was not long before James Perkins and Howard Lee found out all they wished to know, under a strict promise of secrecy.

"Better not tell Mike you've hinted anything to us," they said. "He'd be angry enough to eat you, if he knew it."

Thenceforward two more boys detached themselves from their fellows. Their secret conversations must certainly have been pleasant, judging from the peals of laughter which would reach the play-ground.

Saturday night came, and with it a strong east wind, which blew directly across the lake.

"We can hoist the sail," whispered Mike, as the two boys, having safely left the house, moved swiftly under the shadow of the trees to the wharf.

"There's the spades covered up in the bottom of the boat, and a bag or two if we find the money. Help with the sail, Tom, and let her fly."

The boat shot ahead, like a white-winged bird, fairly skimming over the surface of the water. In a very short time it was directly under the high white shell bank of Hackberry.

It was not an island, as it was connected with the mainland; but marshes on each side, and the lake in front, isolated it from the surrounding country. The island had once been owned and cultivated as a sugar plantation by a wealthy planter of Rapides. It was a costly experiment, and failed, for many reasons; one, the difficulty of getting fuel for the grinding season.

To a certain extent the island was treeless, save the two or three pines which stood like grim sentinels on the waste. It was the picture of desolation. The empty buildings were falling to pieces, and not a sound broke the stillness, but the dashing of the waves against the bank.

The boys fastened their boat to some rotting timbers of an old wharf, and sprang on shore. Mike was in the highest spirits, laughing and singing, as he led the way, with a spade over one shoulder, and a bag containing light wood on the other. They soon reached the foot of the old pine tree. They had plenty of matches, and in a few minutes a bonfire was throwing a bright light on all surrounding objects.

"Wouldn't the folks over yonder stare," he cried, "if by chance they happened to be awake, and looking out? They'd think the old pirates' ghosts had lighted a fire to get their treasure."

"Hush, hush, Mike!" and Tom Drang's voice trembled as he glanced with a frightened look over his shoulder. "Don't talk of ghosts and such things here."

"Scared, eh?" and Mike laughed heartily. "Well, you're in for it, that's one comfort, and can't shirk. I say, Tom, wasn't it a good thing that sharp-eyed James Perkins had to start home this evening? I saw him and Howard Lee paddling down the Calcasieu. He'd have been sure to have found out something if he had stayed."

Tom's conscience pricked him a little, for he remembered that James Perkins *did* know something. But the two boys had kept his secret, and had probably forgotten all about it.

"Look, look, Tom!" cried Mike, who had been examining the tree. "Here's the two crosses, cut deep in the trunk, and an arrow just under them, with the point turned downward to the ground. We must dig right here, just under the point of the arrow. Now for it. Shovel away, my boy."

Digging was pretty hard work, in a hot July night, with a scorching fire at one's back. So before they had made much headway, the two boys stopped to rest, and to wipe their streaming faces.

"Let's go and cool ourselves yonder by the water's edge," said Mike.

They took their seat under a gnarled, stunted old Hackberry which stood near the beach.

"Hallo," cried Mike, suddenly looking up; "if we ain't under 'dead man's tree!'"

Tom had thrown himself wearily on the cool, fresh grass, but at these ominous words, he sprang up as if he had been shot, gazing at Mike with wide-open eyes.

"O, I've heard the story lots of times. Sit down, Tom,—nothing's going to hurt you. You see, whenever the pirate Blackbeard used to get angry with any of his men, he would have them stripped and smeared with honey, and tied to this tree. Then the vessel would sail away and leave them, and the sun would scorch the poor fellows, and the flies, mosquitoes and bees torture them until they died. Lots of human bones, with chains on 'em, were found right here, and the people say that they can hear awful cries, about midsummer, from over here."

Tom's flesh fairly crept with horror, and he moved hastily away from the tree. Mike was a bold, fearless boy, but remembering these legends, even he grew a little nervous and followed his companion.

They did not sing or shout, as they had done before, but taking up their spades worked in silence, in a kind of feverish haste, as if they wanted the job over.

The hole was now quite large and deep. Mike tried to reassure his companion, and it must be confessed, himself, too.

"You see, Tom, only foolish people believe in ghosts, and all such nonsense. What you *see*, believe. That's my rule, my boy."

A strange, harsh, wailing sound rose just above them. Tom dropped his spade, with a ghastly face, as a dark object brushed against his shoulder, as it swept on. Mike, too, had felt his heart stand still for a moment, but soon recovered himself.

"Don't you see it's a screech-owl? There, it's lighted on the Hackberry. Come, work away,—we'll never finish, if you're as scary as this."

They dug on, and suddenly Mike's spade struck against something hard. He uttered a cry of joy.

"Hurrah! we've got it, Tom! It's no rock, for it fills up the bottom of the hole."

Trembling and excited, with the madness of gold-seekers upon them, jumping every now and then in the hole to scratch away the dirt with their hands, they at last uncovered what seemed to be a square wooden box, not long, but quite high.

"Hurrah! our fortune's made!" cried Mike. "Now let's get it out of the hole, if we can. I reckon it will be too heavy for us to lift, but we can force up the lid, and take everything out where it lies."

No, it was not too heavy to be lifted out. It was, in fact, strangely light for its size.

"Not much gold and silver in this," said Tom, in a disappointed tone.

"But maybe there's diamonds and precious stones. No weight in them, you know. Hand me the spade, Tom,—we'll soon see what we've found."

Tom turned to obey, but as he did so, his eyes rested on an object which froze the blood in his veins. At first he felt paralyzed with terror, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Standing just back of him, he saw a horrible spectre, of towering height, with two horns sticking out, and great eyes like flaming fires. The claw-like hands were stretched out as if to grasp him.

For one moment Tom stood motionless, and then, with a shrill shriek he turned and ran headlong to the lake, with a dim idea of plunging in it, and hiding at the bottom.

Mike, who was on his knees by the box, jumped nervously to his feet at the awful scream. So the Devil he had denied was upon him, sure enough, thought he. He sprang after his companion, and yell after yell issued from his splitting throat, as he plunged towards the lake.

Tom had unfastened the boat, and was pushing from the shore. He would not have stopped, even for his own father; but Mike waded in the water, and seizing the side of the skiff, scrambled in.

Probably no two pair of oars were ever more vigorously worked than were those used by these two boys that night. Could they have looked back through the darkness, they would have seen the dressed-up pole, with its pumpkin head and eyes of phosphoric flames cast to the ground, and Perkins and Lee rolling over and over on the ground, convulsed with laughter.

"It's better than any play I ever saw," said Perkins at last, sitting up and wiping his eyes. "Mike didn't believe in a Devil. Ho! ho! But see,—they did dig up something, sure enough. Let's look at it."

The box was where it had been left on the edge of the hole.

"It looks as if there might be something in it, Howard."

"'Tain't ours, any way," said Howard Lee, who was an honest boy enough. "Those fellows found it, and dug it up."

"Was it theirs, either, I'd like to know?" cried Perkins, impatiently. "Don't be such a muff. I'm going to share, and share alike with them. Now here goes!"

He inserted the spade under the worm-eaten lid. Hardly a touch, and it gave way, but as it fell, the white, bare skull of a skeleton, as if released from some pressure, popped above the side of the box.

One horror-stricken exclamation, and two more boys were racing like maniacs towards their boat hidden in a cove. Not a word did they utter, but panting, breathless, they sprang into the skiff, and pulled out upon the lake, and down towards the home where they ought to have been long before.

Once they saw a dark mass ahead, which they felt sure was their fleeing comrades, and called to them, determined to confess their fault, and relate their own terrible experience. But the boat only flew on faster. Tom and Mike, in their panic, didn't know but what his Satanic Majesty was in hot pursuit.

When they landed at the wharf, poor Tom fainted away. When he revived, and they crept up to the dormitory, two more miserable heads never rested on a pillow. There was no disappointment at the treasure they missed,—they could think of nothing but the demon who guarded it.

In time came a story of a skeleton in a sitting posture found under the pine at Hackberry. Some man had probably been hastily buried by the pirates, in a box too small for the body to be placed in a prostrate position. But this explained nothing to Mike and Tom. There might have been no money, but there certainly was a demon.

Howard and Perkins, however, were relieved by the discovery. But they never told of their participation in the affair, and in fact left school for another parish at the close of the school term.

Mike has much improved. He has lost a deal of self-conceit, and though he may have some vague idea that a trick was played on him, the shock to his nerves was beneficial. He believes as firmly now in the existence of the Prince of Darkness as Martin Luther himself ever did before him. For a disposition like his, reckless, rash and conceited, a belief in supernatural influences cannot fail to be a wholesome restraint.

HOW TO BECOME A JOURNALIST.

NO. II.

In a previous article, published two weeks ago, we purposely placed the standard of editorial qualifications high, in order that those who wish to become journalists may try the temper of their ambition.

The profession is crowded, but there is room enough at the top. Not more than one young man in ten who begins journalism ever rises above mediocrity. The nine fail, either from want of a natural genius for the profession, or from unwillingness to expend the labor necessary to acquire its qualifications. Before an apprentice can become a master journalist, he must go through much hard work.

Starting with the supposition that the boy or girl who desires to make journalism a profession has a good common-school education, we turn from the ideal to

The Practical Editor.

As a rule, the best editors have graduated from the "case;" that is, they have first learned the art of type-setting—the "case" is a wooden box containing the types—before taking up journalism. The rule has many exceptions; but if a young man can spare the time without neglecting the acquisition of other qualifications, we advise him to begin his journalistic career by learning to set type. If he should fail as a journalist, he will have a paying trade to fall back upon. Much of the attractiveness of a newspaper depends upon its neat typographical appearance. That attraction is more likely to be secured if the editor has come up with honor from the "case."

Besides, the "case" is a good school wherein to learn the art of spelling, punctuating and writing the English language correctly. It gives a working knowledge of the language, such as many writers of reputation have not attained unto. If you cannot begin at the "case," then begin with

The Reporter's Pencil.

Reporting seems easy. You have only to see and hear, and then tell what you have heard and seen. But it is a difficult work, and requires special training before it can be well done. Few persons know how to use to the best advantage their eyes and ears, or to write correctly and concisely *just* what they have seen and heard.

Young men who have graduated from college with "all the honors," frequently begin journalism as reporters. By their classmates they may have been esteemed as first-class writers; but it generally requires six months of steady drill, in the lowest form of reportorial work, to take the nonsense out of them. Then they are prepared to advance one grade.

Mr. Z. L. White, of the New York *Tribune*, stands, for efficiency, promptness, and ability to write readable English, at the head of Washington correspondents. He began, after graduating at college, the work of a reporter, receiving for pay the privilege of a desk in the reporters' room. After a time he received pay for such news items as he might furnish, provided they had not been obtained by the regular corps of reporters. He grew in efficiency, made himself useful, was advanced step by step, and is now one of the most promising of young journalists

A young man was left by his father, who was a noted editor, heir to a large interest in a valuable paper. He desired to walk in his father's footsteps. He became a reporter, and did for a few months the drudgery of an apprentice. It satisfied him that a genius for journalism is not always inherited. He is now a lawyer.

Our readers should study these two efforts of young men to become journalists.

Reporters' Work.

Few city journals care to take paid "apprentices" to learn reporting. They are crowded with applications from those willing to work without pay, in order to learn the art, and get a standing-place in the editorial rooms. One of our Boston journals had, recently, thirty names on its list of applications. If you are so fortunate as to be offered the opportunity of admission to a staff of reporters, embrace it at once, even if no pay is given for your work. Then do your best. The work will be drudgery. The first job given to a boy who would be a machinist is a dirty job, and very hard on the fingers. It is to file rusty iron. If he does that work well, he is advanced. It is just so in reporting.

You may be sent to report the meeting of an insurance company, where a financial report is to be read, and directors elected. It is a slight task, but it is worth doing so well that not a name on the Board shall be misspelt, nor an error of even one figure be found in the report. Your correct work will mean to the city editor that you are a careful and exact reporter, one worthy of promotion.

In a few weeks you may be advanced to condense reports of meetings published in other journals. A paragraph of twenty lines contains an important fact which may be stated in five; or a column description of a public dinner will contain all the essential items, if it is "boiled down" into a half-column. If you do these so that the editor need not correct them, you will rise in his opinion, and your capacity for doing more responsible work will be tried. Bear in mind that you are going up a ladder, which may be ascended only by getting firmly on one round at a time The pay will come before you have gone up many rounds.

A Village Reporter.

If you cannot find employment on a city daily, you may, if you live in the country, furnish local news items for a village journal. There are always plenty of such items to be found by hunting for them. The effort will train an important faculty, for a reporter should have a "nose" for news as sensitive as is the nose of a pointer for the scent of a bird. By so writing "up" these items, that their truthfulness, vivacity, and "newsy" quality attract public attention, you will educate yourself.

Hunting for items may be turned into the pursuit of larger game, such as the village caucus, the town-meeting, or the county fair. Good work done on these will aid you to acquire the quick ear, eye and hand, the cool head, and the retentive memory, which are indispensable to a city reporter. It will do more; it will give you a reputation that will aid you in securing a place on a city journal.

Remember that to succeed, you must form the habit of doing "drudgery" well, and become a master in the art of attending to details. Once there was a great man, whose coat of arms told the secret of his success in life. It was a mountain, at whose base was a man with a pick-axe. His coat was off, and he was picking at the mountain. The motto was *Pin et Pin*,—little by little.

Having laid the foundation for promotion by doing good reportorial work in all of its branches, you may rise to the position of

An Editorial Writer.

A daily journal to be first-class must be "newsy" and readable. For its news, the reporters and special correspondents are responsible; but for its reputation as a readable journal, it must depend upon the sprightliness of its paragraphic comments, and the style and judiciousness of its editorials. Its writers should have something to say that is worth reading, and they ought to know how to say it so as to attract attention. The reasonableness of what we wrote about the qualifications of an editor will now be be seen by those who desire to become able journalists.

It may be that the managing editor, having advanced you from the reporter's pencil to the writer's pen, has assigned to you two topics. One is to be treated in a paragraph of a dozen lines, while the other is to form the subject of an editorial, not longer than a half-column. The paragraph should be vigorous in thought, and sprightly in expression.

The editorial should show that the subject has been thought out. In argument, illustration and style of expression it should be so marked as to attract readers. You will be forced to fall back, instantly, for the work cannot be delayed, upon previous mental training, acquisitions from books and observation, and a style of writing already formed.

You probably see that such work will not be an easy task, or you may see it, if you will take two topics of public interest and try to write a short paragraph upon the one, and a brief editorial about the other. Undoubtedly, that which will most perplex you, will be the style of expressing your ideas. Study, then, a few hints that we offer concerning the method of acquiring

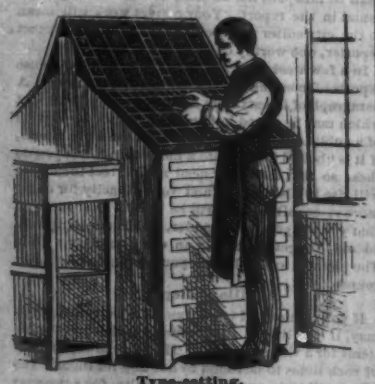
A Good English Style.

Read the works of such authors as are noted for their idiomatic and expressive English. When the great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, desired to learn a language, he surrounded himself with its best books, with maps and pictures of its country and people, with their furniture, instruments of war,

implements of agriculture, and, if possible, took with companion a native to converse with. He lived in an atmosphere of the language. The young journalist should surround himself, by means of books and companions, with an atmosphere of good English. The strength of our language lies in its Saxon idiom and expressions. Therefore, read thoroughly the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress.

Write often with the purpose of clearly and exactly expressing ideas. Do nothing more than express them. Rewrite until the idea is seen in the language as clearly as a face in a French mirror.

Take a noun and apply to it all the adjectives that you can remember, which clearly describe it, being careful that each adjective expresses a distinct quality of the noun. Reverse the task, by applying nouns to an adjective. Select a significant word and use it in different sentences, until you have such a command over it that you can place it just where you please. When you have written a sentence, go over it, marking out all the superfluous words, considering every word superfluous that can be omitted and the idea retained.

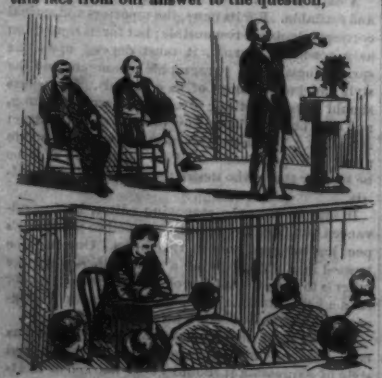


Type-setting.

Read a good newspaper critically,—that is, with the purpose of learning the style in which it expresses its views and utters its comments. Notice some editorial topic which interests you, and about which you have thought, and, before reading the editorial, write out your views of the subject. Then read the editorial, and compare your article with it. Do the same with a paragraphic comment.

Bear in mind that illustrations are merely the "helps to read" by which readers are assisted to apprehend your ideas, and therefore should not be too prominent. A good illustration is like a pair of excellent eye-glasses,—the eye does not see them, but only the printed page. Beware of acquiring that vice known as "fine writing." Clear, forcible, musical English should be aimed at,—nothing less, nothing more. But remember that to write clearly one must think clearly.

There is one important fact to be considered by the candidate for journalism, namely: that there are about one hundred good writers to one good editor. You may understand the cause of this fact from our answer to the question,



Reporting.

Let us visit the "*sanctum*" of the editor of a daily journal. It is about 11 A. M., and he has just seated himself at his desk, on which are the morning papers, several communications, two or three manuscript editorials, several new books, and a collection of miscellaneous matters. He glances at the European telegrams, and "Revolt in Herzegovina" catches his eye. He taps a bell, and to the boy who answers, says,—

"If Mr. B. is in, ask him to step here."

That gentleman appears.

"Mr. B.," says the editor, "I believe you are acquainted with the 'Eastern question,' and have travelled in the Turkish provinces of Europe? I wish you would let me have an article on this revolt. Draw from your travels, so as to give it as much local coloring as possible, and post our readers as to the 'ins and outs' of the whole matter. Intimate that it is about time for the 'sick man' to die, but don't favor Russia as his administrator. Let the article be one column only, and I would like it by six o'clock to-night."

In a similar way, several other subjects are assigned to writers specially fitted to discuss them, and the editor, pen in hand, turns to the manuscript editorials. He runs his eye over one. It is "too long." A black line erases a paragraph of a dozen lines; words are marked out, sentences condensed, and the article is sent to the compositor, shorn of half its length, and greatly improved in quality.

The other editorial is read, and the editor sends for the writer, Mr. C. As the subordinate enters, his chief blandly says to him,—

"Mr. C., this article is exceedingly well written, but it has one fault. It does not express the views of our journal. A month or so since, an editorial was published in the paper upon this matter. Please hunt up that article, and while retaining your style of treatment, make this editorial conform to the views there expressed."

A communication is read; the writer has something to say and says it well, but he never learned—few do—the art of paragraphing, punctuating and spelling the English language correctly. The editor does all three for him, or hands the communication over to some one to edit. The new books are assigned to the literary editor, with the exception of one; that is sent to the Rev. Dr. D., who is "up" on its topic, with a request for a column review of it.

The "exchanges"—(other newspapers)—are read, to ascertain the drift of public opinion. A paragraph attracts his eye; it is cut out, pasted on a sheet of paper, a few heads of comments are written under it, and it is sent to a subordinate, with the request to put them into a brief editorial.

The editor finds an important city news item not published in his own journal. The city editor is asked to explain, and he in turn,—for in journalism to excuse is to accuse one's self,—asks the reporter to account for the omission.

A prominent politician, a reformer, a visiting editor, a literary gentleman call. All are received, and from each the editor gathers something. Then there is a consultation with the city editor about getting up something new and attractive in his department. An editorial writer is informed that on some day next week an article on finance will be timely. Will he please get up the figures, and make them the skeleton of a first-class editorial in favor of resumption? "Put it strong, Mr. E., and see that your figures back up your argument," is the parting suggestion.

The editor turns over the foreign correspondence. There is nothing from Berlin. He indites a letter to the Rev. Dr. T., who has settled himself in that city, and has access to sources of information. The clerical student is complimented, and asked to become the regular correspondent of the paper. But he is politely told that his letters must be "newsy," and not descriptions of the people, or essays on new books. For such letters, $—— will be paid. The gentleman will write, for the amount will aid him to continue his studies.

Towards evening, the editorials, paragraphs, and other original matter are laid on his desk. The editor reads them all, amending, expurgating and condemning. It is late as he goes home a tired man, and yet he has not written a dozen lines of all the matter that will appear in the next issue.

Our readers, seeing from this imperfect sketch the nature of an editor's work, will understand why there are a hundred good writers to one good editor. Tact, judgment, knowledge, ability to manage, the faculty of seeing ahead, the art of looking beneath the surface of things, aptitude for getting news, freshness and vigor of thought, and a good working constitution, are the general and special qualifications of a first-class editor.

If one of our readers is ambitious to become a member of this *select* corps, and is willing to pay the price in time and labor, we bid him God-speed.

FRENCH OMNIBUSES.

Some customs prevail in France, which might be introduced with great advantage into our country. Everybody has suffered inconvenience from the excessive crowding of omnibuses and horse-cars. It is unpleasant often to ride in them. No such discomfort is allowed in France. The strong arm of the law comes in to regulate travel. Their omnibuses are wider than ours. The central part of the roof is elevated, so that there is no bumping of heads or hats, and an iron rod runs lengthwise by which one can steady himself, and avoid hitting knees or treading on toes. Better than all, the seats are divided by arms, so that there can be no crowding, and no spreading over two seats. When the seats are all full, a placard is hung out at the top to announce the fact, and no stops are made to allow any others to enter. Paris, it must be confessed, is a long way in advance of American cities.

REMEMBERED.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
Sweet'ning the twilight as darkness came on;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Need I be missed if another succeed me,
Reaping those fields which in spring I have sown?
Who ploughed or sowed is not missed by the harvester,
But he's remembered by what he has done.

Dr. Bonar.

AMERICAN PARTIES.

A reader of the *Companion* asks us to tell him in the columns of the paper, "What a Republican is, also what is a Democrat." We are forced to reply that it is not so easy to tell what the difference between the two great parties now is, as it was ten years ago. Then the issues and questions growing out of the war divided them by a very distinct line. Now, these questions have been for the most part settled.

There is, however, this broad difference between the Republicans and the Democrats, that the latter party is much the oldest. It traces its origin to Jefferson; but as the ideas of that statesman came at last to be generally adopted, the rise of the modern Democratic party may be more properly referred to the time of Andrew Jackson. Its creed, before the Rebellion, included the assertion of "State rights;" that is, of the rights of the States to be sovereign in all matters not expressly confided to the general government by the Constitution; opposition to internal improvements (such, for instance, as canals and harbors), by the general government; hostility to the Bank of the United States; the annexation of Texas, and a wide extension of suffrage. The Democrats are somewhat divided on the subject of free trade, but the tendency of that party has always been favorable to that system.

The Whigs, long the opponents and rivals of the Democrats, became extinct soon after the overwhelming election of 1852, when Franklin Pierce received the vote for President of all the States but four.

The agitation against slavery had then been going on for years; and at this time the slavery question became the great issue. The Democratic party espoused the cause of slavery and the South; and now arose the new party, the Republican, its germ being the old Free Soilers. It opposed slavery; it elected Abraham Lincoln; it carried on the war that followed, and brought it to a successful end.

This party has now been in power fifteen years, including the whole period of the war, and the time which has elapsed since its close. Its policy towards the South is expressed in the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution, which it carried through against the earnest opposition of the Democrats. These amendments assert that there shall be no more slavery; that no State shall abridge the rights of citizens as made by the United States law; that the public debt is valid, while that of the Confederacy is not, and that the right of citizens to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

These amendments were for some time the battleground of the two parties. The Democrats, however, have at last pretty generally agreed to regard them as a settlement, and as final; and do not propose to attempt to repeal them, should that party return to power.

The great bone of contention—how the South should be "reconstructed"—having been got out of the way, there are really but few very striking differences between the two parties, so far as their present position is concerned.

Four prominent questions are now before the country; that of the finances; that of civil service reform; that of the present treatment of the South, and that of pure and economical administration of government.

On the question of finances, there is a party in favor of inflation, that is, of increasing the volume of the paper money as it seems to be needed, and a party in favor of contraction and a return to specie payments.

Both the Republicans and the Democrats are divided on this subject; but it may be fairly said that a very large majority of the Republicans favor what is called the "hard money" policy, and a speedy return to specie payments, while on the other hand, a large proportion of the Democrats, especially in the West, are advocates of inflation.

On the other three questions the two parties make very much the same professions. Both assert that they are in favor of civil service reform, of leniency and justice to the South, and of purity and economy in the government.

Republicans and Democrats alike favor a general amnesty, and a restoration of all the rights and privileges of equal States to the South.

It may be added that, on the subject of free trade, which is always a living one, a majority of Democrats are probably in its favor, while a majority of Republicans are the other way, that is, friends of a tariff on imports. On this question, however, there is no strict party division.

The Democrats also still adhere to their old idea of "State rights," modified by the events of the past fifteen years; while the whole tendency of Republican rule has been to limit and restrict the powers of the States, and increase that of the general government.

CROWNING KING PUMPKIN.

The Paris market people practise a queer old custom at this season of the year, which they call "Crowning King Pumpkin."

The first thing is to get the very largest pumpkin to be found, that it may be worthy of the royal honor intended for it. All the gardeners for miles around are requested to send in their best specimens; and when a number of pumpkins have been collected, a committee of the market men selects that best adapted to the purpose.

Then all the market people get together, and with much solemnity and ceremony, the monster pumpkin is adorned with a crown of tinsel and foil-paper, and placed upon a gilded board. Four men, chosen for their height and size, lift this odd chair of state on their shoulders, and march through the market-halls with it, while songs are sung and music is performed.

As "King Pumpkin" progresses, the stall-keepers make him their bows and salutations; flowers and cabbages and carrots are spread in his path; an address is read to him by two of the best-looking market-women, who wear green dresses. There is a great deal of joking and merry-making, and the day of the coronation is a holiday in the markets. The people, young and old, are dressed in their finest clothes, and some of them wear carrots and turnips in their button-holes.

The coming of evening is the signal for the sacrifice of the royal pumpkin. The market people gather round a table, on which the "King" is placed. A market-man chosen for the purpose then flourishes a large carving-knife over him, and with a solemn speech proceeds to cut him up into large yellow slices. These slices are sold off at auction; and soon after the last has been sold, the successful bidders hasten off to convert the ribs of the poor dissected King into soup, which is freely distributed to the gay crowd in the markets.

Although our own Yankee "pumpkin-pie" is almost an unknown dish to the French, they make many more uses of the big yellow vegetable than we do. They use it for soups, they fry it, preserve it, make a sauce of it, and even candy it so as to make a sweetmeat. Thus the French are very proud of their pumpkins, and it is quite natural that they should choose it to represent the royal vegetable in their autumn festivity.

OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

In the fourteenth century it was the fashion to carry tooth-picks of silver, which were suspended round the neck by a chain, sometimes together with the seal. The seal was a very important article in days when letters were fastened together with wax, and the seal of a document was regarded as even more essential than the signature. A man could seal when he could not write. The Arab sheiks of the present day carry about with them a signet-ring, carefully wrapped up in a piece of rag.

In the same century it was also the fashion to decorate gloves with gold and silver. In the inventory of effects belonging to the Bishop of London are a pair of gloves, decorated with goldsmith's work and enamel, worth five pounds, which is equivalent to three hundred dollars at the present time.

In Venice there was a curious custom respecting the women. They were obliged whenever they went out into the street to wear pattens two feet high. When a foreign ambassador once remarked that in other countries low slippers were found more convenient, an austere Senator replied, "*Per troppo commodi*"—only too convenient.

This custom had the effect intended, of keeping the ladies very much at home. It was too much trouble for them to gad about for gossip on such unwieldy pattens, and consequently they had nothing to do but sit in the balconies of their houses and bleach their hair by wetting it and then exposing it to the sun.

For this purpose they would sit still for hours, wearing hats without a crown. The light yellow hair thus produced was very much admired, and may be seen depicted in Titian's pictures of the beauties of his time.

AN EDUCATING MONARCH.

The present Khedive of Egypt is an extraordinary man, of vast enterprise and boundless wealth. He is despotic in his views, but is determined to make Egypt a powerful country once more by educating

his people to intelligence and strong character. He has established a general school system, extending through the whole country, and makes education compulsory. Already the ratio of persons unable to read and write is smaller than in France or Italy, and the children of the peasantry are better taught than in England.

Provision is made even for the education of girls, a wonderful change for an Eastern country; and Miss Whately, an English lady, niece of the late Archbishop Whately, is at the head of a system of well-endowed female schools. The Khedive hopes by educating the children of the Fellahs, the lowest class of the people, and fitting them for intelligent domestic service, to put an end to slavery in Egypt. The demand for negro slaves will cease if a better class of workers can be found nearer home.

A NEW USE FOR DRAWING.

A good story is told of a store-keeper, who to help out his deficiencies in writing, kept his accounts largely by drawing figures of the articles sold. A clerk made out the bills correctly. A customer once disputed his bill. A cheese was charged to him which he had never bought. The store-keeper looked in his book, and there was the cheese drawn. He insisted on his correctness; but the customer would not be convinced. At last a happy thought occurred to the store-keeper. "I have made a blunder," said he. "It was a grind-stone, not a cheese you bought, and I didn't put the hole in the middle." The customer was satisfied, and paid the bill.

A few years ago, a Frenchman and German crossed the Alps together. They were to divide expenses, but as neither understood the language of the other, the accounts were sometimes a little tangled. After a week's travel, the Frenchman made out a bill, and the German admitted all the items but one. The Frenchman tried to explain that this was half the expense of a mule carrying their baggage. But the more he explained, the more dogged was the German, in refusing to see it. Both of them grew excited, and began to lose temper. A shrewd American, sitting by, caught up a piece of paper, drew a fine likeness of a mule, showed it to the German, and then cutting it in two, gave a half to each. The German understood in a moment, and settled the account.

A THOUGHTFUL WOMAN.

Sir Samuel Baker has proved himself one of the most energetic and capable of African travellers. His last expedition into Central Africa to suppress the slave trade, under authority of the Pasha of Egypt, required great military skill, and tact in governing soldiers, civilians, slave-traders, and hostile tribes. But he was equal to the emergency, and his account of the expedition is one of the most interesting volumes of our age.

It may be doubted, however, if he could have succeeded in overcoming formidable obstacles without the presence and counsel of his accomplished wife. She was the nurse of the sick and the wounded, the protector of the weak, the educator of the young, and full of courage and hope when others were despairing.

By her forethought on one occasion, she saved the party from famishing. Seeing that the king and chiefs were growing hostile, and furnishing few provisions, she laid by, unknown to her husband, twelve bushels of flour. This store was of untold value in a sore strait, for being obliged to fight their way back to Fowera, and their other commissariat stores being exhausted, they were able to live on this flour for an entire week. If they had been compelled to forage for food as well as fight, the whole company might have perished.

POLITENESS IN NORWAY.

It is commonly supposed that a rough country and cold climate are apt to make the inhabitants rude in manner, and negligent of the rules of politeness. But Judge Caton, who spent a summer vacation in Norway, and has published an account of his travels, gives a charming picture of the manners of the Norwegians. He thinks them the politest people he has ever seen, overflowing with kindness of heart, and very thoughtful in caring for strangers. He found them ready and even eager to put themselves to any kind of trouble to do him a favor. Everybody who met him in the streets took off his hat, and bowed, as a friendly salute.

A young gentleman met him walking in the capital, greeted him cordially, and asked if he were not a stranger. Learning that this was his first visit to Norway, the young man volunteered to show him all the prominent buildings and objects of interest in the city, and was unwearied in his attentions. The Judge says it is the universal custom to remove the hat in stores, no less than in private houses. He was delighted with his visit, and advises travellers to turn their faces to Norway, if they wish to make sure of a pleasant excursion.

CHANGES IN JAPAN.

Changes in China are very slow, and are often reversed by popular indignation. But in Japan they are going forward with increased activity. A writer in the *Foreign Missionary* discusses at great length, and in a very interesting manner, the changes which have taken place in Japan since 1854:

In the interval, he says, the Emperor has ceased to be regarded as a sacred person, and has taken the place of a mere earthly ruler. The form of government has been remodelled, railroads built, and telegraphs established. Ironclads have been bought for the navy, and European tactics introduced into the army. Light-houses, docks and government workshops have been constructed. The printing-press has been put in operation, and a system of common schools established throughout the country. The national calendar has been conformed to that of Christian nations. Post-offices have been opened, and postage-stamps have come into use. The residences, furniture, dress and diet of the upper class have all, to a very great extent, been conformed to the European standard. In short, in the course of twenty years a transformation has taken place, the like of which is scarcely paralleled in the whole history of the world. This change is still proceeding, and with even increased celerity, so that it is anticipated by those most competent to judge, that in the course of another twenty-five years Japan will be, in the ordinary sense of the term, a Christian nation, and that without in the slightest degree remaining dependent upon foreign pecuniary aid, or even foreign personal instrumentality, for the support of these changed civil and religious institutions.

"VOT YOU LIVES ON?"

So accustomed are our German fellow-citizens to beer and tobacco from their infancy, that some of them cannot conceive how a man can live without using these injurious articles. The Toledo *Blade* tells the following story:

A citizen of Toledo, in the ordinary current of business, became possessor of the note of a German saloon-keeper. The note becoming due, he took it to the man and presented it for payment. The man was not prepared to liquidate his obligation, and asked for an extension of time. This being granted, and the conditions settled properly, he was turning to leave, when the German said, "Shoost valt von leedle whiles, unt I gifts you ein glass goot peers."

"No, I thank you, I don't drink beer," was the reply.

"Vell, den, I gifts you veeskees thot is petter as so mooch."

"No, thank you, I don't drink whiskey."

"Shoo! den I know how I fix you, I haf goot vines,"—jerking down a bottle with a flourish.

Again the quiet "No, thank you, I don't drink wine."

"Vot! you don't trinks noddings; vell, I gifts you ein good shegar."

Once more, "No, I thank you, I don't smoke."

"How strange!" exclaimed the Dutchman, throwing up both hands; "no peers, no veeskies, no vines, no dobacco, no noddings—vot you live on, anyways—botatoes, eh?"

THE FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY.

M. Conway, in one of his bright letters to an American paper, gives this reminiscence of the great and pious Wesley:

The villager in little Epworth, Lincolnshire, will still show you, on a gravestone in the parish churchyard, the footprints of John Wesley. The great preacher, who, to his dying day regarded himself as still in orders in the Church of England, and wore gown and surplice whenever he preached, once went back to that his native place, hoping to tell the congregation in which his childhood had been passed, and which had heard the simple and homely sermons of his father until his lips were sealed in death, what were his real thoughts and feelings, which the church was caricaturing, but which was stirring the heart of the people to its depth.

On the fair Sunday morning he approached the door of the little parish church, so sacred in his associations, only to find the door barred by episcopal command, and a large crowd gathered outside.

The people wished to break in the door, but "No," said Wesley, "I will speak to you in the graveyard."

Followed by the crowd, he went into the graveyard, and taking his stand on the marble slab over his dead father, he preached such a sermon as had never before been heard in England.

The traditions of it still linger in Epworth; and, as I have said, the peasantry still point to two hollows in the marble slab,—worn there by the rains of many years,—as the footprints of the holy man.

PATHOS IN A POLICE COURT.

Among the famous comic court reports of the Detroit *Free Press* occasionally appears a picture that is really pathetic. Here is one:

An old woman, whose face was full of time's revengeful lines, whose hair was white as snow, whose sight was hardly strong enough to enable her to see the desk before which she tremblingly stood. And His Honor said,—

"God help such as you when second childhood robs them of strength of mind! Poor old woman, you may go!"

She hesitated, and seeming to feel that some explanation was necessary, she replied,—

"It was either drink or drown myself! My troubles are too much for my old heart!"

He pointed to the door, and softly said,—

"My heart aches to see one so aged, and weak, and tender, brought here. If you have a home, go to it. If your old heart is troubled, sit down, and I will talk to you after the court closes."

She walked feebly out, tears in her eyes, and when "Jim Fig," the newsboy, offered her a score of pennies, hoping to lighten her burden, she shook her head and said,—

"It's my old heart that aches, and money can't ease it, Lord bless you, boy!"

"NO POLISH."

There are two ways of looking at a proverb. For instance, the saying, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," has another side to it,—namely: "It is a good wind that blows no one any ill." Sambo, in this incident, adds a meaning to an old proverb:

"Sambo, my massa always trabels; yours ober stay at home."

"Dat berry true, Jim, but you know what de proverb say,—'Rollin' stone gadder no moss.'"

"No, Sambo, but it gadder polish: and dat's a qualification your massa stan' berry much in need ob."

SEEING WITHOUT EYES.

Some blind people manage to see a great deal more of the beauty of the world than people who have eyes. An exchange gives a good illustration.

A gentleman in this vicinity, who for over fifty years has been totally blind, was recently standing in Dock Square with a friend, when a passing stranger inquired the way to Marion Street. "Marion Street," said the blind man; "why, of course, I'm going to the Providence Depot, and I'll show you. Come along." He grasped the stranger by the arm and walked off briskly with him, talking in an animated way, and avoiding the street cars and other obstructions with marvellous ease. This same gentleman not long since visited Europe. A friend inquired, "What on earth did you visit Europe for?" "Why, to see the world, of course. My wife is my eyes, and I can enjoy sight-seeing as well as anybody."

HEALTH HINTS.

It is "the little foxes that spoil the vines," and it is the little acts of omission and commission that injure health. The following hints may seem of trifling importance, but they will, if heeded, destroy the "little foxes" that annoy us:

Eat only three times daily, and never between meals—not a nut or an apple. Drink nothing while eating.

One hearty meal of meat per day is sufficient. The other two should be spare.

Avoid late suppers, pork, spices and pepper, rich pastry, and imperfectly cooked beans.

Wheat, oat and barley meal, with beans, peas, lean meats, fish and wild game, are the best articles of food.

Fruits are cooling to the blood, and specially adapted to warm weather.

Eat slowly, masticate your food well, and eat nothing for three hours before retiring.

Let the time spent at table be happy. Encourage pleasant, cheerful conversation; joke, but do not argue. Rest a half-hour after every hearty meal.

PATRICK HENRY'S WISH.

Patrick Henry left in his will the following testimony in favor of the Christian religion:

I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that and I had given them nothing, they would be rich; without it, if I had given them all the world, they would be poor.

"NO ONE LEFT NOW."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." "I have lately heard,"—writes Grace Greenwood about the Queen of England,—"as coming from one of her former ladies-in-waiting, a touching little story which illustrates the tender domestic nature of the woman. When Prince Albert died, so soon after her mother, in the first hour of her bereavement, and out of the depths of her desolate widowhood and queenhood, she cried, 'There is no one left now to call me Victoria!'"

NEW BRACKET DESIGNS.

Read about them.

We have just published a series of

Twelve New Designs.

Many of them are LARGER than any before published by us. This will be appreciated by a great many, as we are constantly having calls for *larger Designs*. Those engaged in making Brackets, etc.,

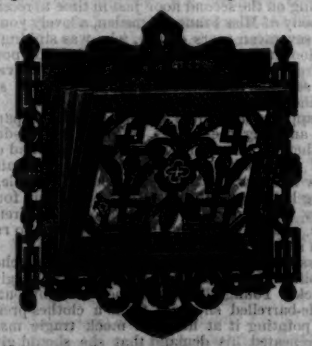
FOR SALE,

will find these new ones very PROFITABLE, for the articles are all practical, and will find a READY SALE when made. We have recently mailed to all our subscribers a

FLORAL PICTURE,

mounted, with a mat.

Design No 5 has been made to fit this picture.



The above cut shows the BEAUTIFUL WALL POCKET. Design No. 4. See list below. It is a useful and pretty ornament for the home.

LIST OF DESIGNS.

1. Fancy Match Safe.....
2. Corner Bracket.....7x12
3. Corner Bracket, 2 Shelves.....7x18
4. Wall Pocket, for Papers, etc.....11x12
5. "Our Floral" Picture Frame.....6x10
6. Side Wall Bracket.....5x11
7. Fancy Ornament.....
8. The First Bite.....
9. The Girl I Left Behind Me.....
10. Oh, Spare the Rod!.....
11. Five Minutes for Refreshments.....
12. The News Boy.....

This attractive sheet of twelve Designs and one sheet of Impression Paper sent to any address, post-paid, for 25 cents.

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Judgment of the Public!

During the past five years the public have carefully observed the wonderful cures accomplished from the use of VEGETINE. From its use many an afflicted sufferer has been restored to perfect health after having expended a small fortune in procuring medical advice and obtaining poisonous mineral medicines.

It is now justly remarked by all classes of people that VEGETINE holds a higher position in the estimation of the public than any other medical compound, and it has won its great reputation and immense demand from actual merit.

Its medical properties are Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with perfect safety, as it does not contain any metallic or poisonous compound. It is composed exclusively of barks, roots and herbs; it is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It is safe and reliable, as the following evidence will show:

The Best Evidence.

The following letter from Rev. E. S. Best, pastor of the M. E. Church, Natick, Mass., will be read with interest by many physicians; also those suffering from the same disease as afflicted the son of Rev. E. S. Best. No person can doubt this testimony, and there is no doubt about the curative powers of VEGETINE.

NATICK, MASS., Jan. 1, 1873.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—We have good reason for regarding your VEGETINE a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now seventeen years of age; for the last two years he has suffered from necrosis of his leg, caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give us but the faintest hope of his ever rallying, two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him VEGETINE, and from that time to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strong.

Though there is still some discharge from the opening where his limb was lanced, we have the fullest confidence that in a little time he will be perfectly cured.

He has taken about three dozen bottles of VEGETINE, but lately uses but little, as he declares that he is too well to be taking medicine.

Respectfully, yours,
E. S. BEST,
MRS. L. C. F. BEST.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

A
Perfect
Hair Dressing.

A Promoter
of the
Growth of the Hair.

A Preparation
Free from irritating matter.

BURNETT'S

COCOAINE.

For preserving and beautifying the Hair, and rendering it dark and glossy.

The COCOAINE holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized

Cocoa-nut Oil,

prepared expressly for this purpose.

No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.

It is the Best and Cheapest

HAIR DRESSING

In the World.

DIRECTIONS.

Apply with the hand, or a soft brush, every other day, or as often as the case may require, rubbing it thoroughly into the roots of the hair.

To remove *Dandruff*, *Scurf*, &c., wash the head with BURNETT'S KALLISTON, rub dry with a towel, and apply the COCOAINE as directed.

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HOME GUEST. This Superior Illustrated Monthly, with our magnificent new $7 premium of "THE NEAPOLITAN FISHER BOY," will be sent, postpaid, for one year on receipt of $1. On trial, three months, with our beautiful 50 cent Chromo "THE DESERT SHALL BLOSSOM," for 30 cents. All in want of business should send for our Illustrated Circular. The best chance ever offered for Agents. HOME GUEST PUB. CO., 419 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

TWILIGHT.

Lone watcher, I lingered, on hill-top benighted,
As dreaming lay beautiful valley below;
Above me the star-sprinkled sky, dimly lighted,
And westward the jewels of sunset aglow.

A ribbon of silver encircled the mountain,
And rising like incense from altars of prayer,
Mists pure as the drops from the baptismal fountain,
Glowed, shimmered, and faded on wings of the air!

Lo! green-walled Ascutney night's purple had tinted,
His forehead cloud-hooded and silvered by time;
From summit to summit the rosy haze printed
The rich, tender smile of a tropical clime!

The Pleiades fondly their silver braids twining
On Night's placid brow set their jewels once more;
Not a sound stirred the air save the owlet repining,
Or white heron piping its note on the shore.

O'er calm lake encircled, of summer-time dreaming,
The woods hung their banners of frost-smitten leaves;
The red shield of Mars from his blue tent was gleaming,
And evening winds sighed through the harps of the sheaves!

Ah! day and night's nuptials were viewless lips singing;
The star of the evening, the planet of love,
As bride'smaid, her censer of glory was swinging,
While smiled her attendants and beckoned above!

Sandalphon, majestic, as bridegroom preparing,
His flower-wreathed feet on a ladder of gold,
Ten thousands of stars in the gladness are sharing,
And Saturn's bright fingers the wedding-rings hold.

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

For the Companion.

POWER OF A GRAND THOUGHT.

The venerable senior professor of Princeton Theological Seminary, Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., though holding the highest rank among the eminent theologians of the age, is not an eloquent preacher. His sermons, even in the palmy days of his mental strength, were more remarkable for their breadth of thought, and clearness of expression, than for their rhetoric, or for the style of the preacher's utterance. Occasionally, however, when preaching, the thought would take possession of his mind, soul and body, and then, for a moment or so, the somewhat lethargic preacher was a Demosthenes.

One such occasion was at the funeral of a theological student, a young man of rare mental and spiritual attainments. Dr. Hodge preached the sermon, the text being the familiar passage in the parable of the Ten Talents,—"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The first part of the discourse was impressive from its clear exposition of the duty, so signally responded to by the life of the young student, of faithfulness in little things. The promotion that either in this or in the future life follows upon such obedience, was set forth, and the learned professor, in measured words as though he was teaching a class, laid open the blessedness of the crowning reward of faithfulness expressed in the hearty invitation, "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Suddenly the preacher paused,—it was one of those solemn pauses by which a great thought announces its birth. Then rang out the words, distinctly and sweetly as the notes of a silver bugle,—"It is not merely the joy of heaven, it is not only the joy which God gives,—it is that joy which *God himself enjoys* that is the reward of the servant faithful over a few things. Hail, brother! thou art sharing the joy that thy God feels!"

The preacher quivered with emotion, and the hush of the congregation in the presence of the grand thought might have been felt. Never did the little acts of daily duty seem so resplendent with the glory that the heart of man hath not conceived as then.

SUBSTANTIAL GRATITUDE.

We have never forgotten the story (frequently reprinted in our younger days) of a wealthy man who was rescued from drowning by a poor sailor, and offered his preserver *sixpence* for his trouble. The disgusted tar refused it, saying, "If that's all your life is worth, keep your money." A pleasant contrast to that is the following true record which appears in a letter to the Detroit *Tribune*, from Spring Lake, Michigan:

On the corner of Jackson and State Streets, in this decidedly unromantic village, stands a little, old, unoccupied building, with an equally ancient residence in the rear. The sole occupant is a corpulent little old sailor, named Hiram A. Reed, familiarly known as "Squire."

For thirty years previous to the first administration of Grant, he was justice of the peace, and held court and dispensed justice in the building mentioned above. With Grant's election, the chief spirit of Jackson Street went into retirement, and the town grew over him, as it were.

During the summer of 1831, forty-four years ago, this little old man, then a sprightly sailor of twenty-six, had command of the schooner *Ontario*, eighty tons burden (large vessel for those days), belonging to Walton & Willett, of Oswego, N. Y., and sailing between that port and Ontario, Canada.

On a trip in July or August of that year, Capt. Reed had two passengers, a young Frenchman and his wife, named Golah. There were no passenger boats in those days. At noon upon a certain quiet day upon the waters, when all hands were below at dinner save the man at the helm and the young French woman, and just as the captain was descending into the cabin, he heard a splash near the main chains, and hurrying to the side of the vessel, discovered that the lady had fallen overboard.

Quickly seizing the end of a coil of rope, the other end of which was fast to a belaying-pin, he jumped overboard, and as the vessel had scarcely steerage way, easily rescued the lady. Her gratitude, and that of her husband, knew no bounds, and upon the arrival of the vessel at Toronto they tried to induce the captain to accept a present of a gold watch. This he refused, and only upon earnest solicitation accepted a gold half-eagle from the lady.

The circumstances of the event had gone entirely from the old man's memory, when a few days ago he received a letter from the American Consul at Paris, forwarded from his old address, Adams, Jefferson County, New York, announcing that a certain wealthy Frenchman had just died, and that a provision in his will left fifty thousand francs to "one Hiram A. Reed, who was master of the schooner *Ontario* in the summer of 1831, and who once saved the life of his wife."

Of the crew of six on board the vessel that summer, Mr. Reed has positive knowledge of the death of four, and knows the whereabouts of but one of the two others,—his brother, Asa Reed. He has sent to the Custom House officers at Oswego, and also to Washington, for copies of his papers, and expects by this means to establish his identity and secure the legacy.

NEVER POINT FIRE-ARMS.

Men would never become drunkards if they refused to taste the first glass of liquor; and no person would be shot by accident if every one refused to point a gun or pistol, even in sport. Such a shocking accident as the following, ought to persuade every boy and girl never to aim any fire-arm at a playmate in jest:

On the evening of September 9, there was a gay party at the house of Mr. Nelson S. Whipple, in Detroit, who were celebrating the birthday of his daughter. The festivities of the evening were at their height. The young people were engaged in various pastimes, some playing on the piano, while merry dancers beat the time upon the floor, others chatting gayly in groups, running up and down the stairs, or strolling about on the walk in front of the house.

Suddenly the loud report of a gun and piercing shrieks were heard to proceed from the bedroom at the head of the stairs, which had been thrown open as a cloak-room, and a cloud of blue smoke floated through the hall.

The startled and horrified guests rushed to the stairway, led by Mr. Whipple, who reached the landing on the second floor just in time to receive the body of Miss Frances Amsden, a lovely young girl, seventeen years of age, who was sinking to the floor in a dying condition, her life-blood pouring from a ghastly wound in the head. In a very few seconds after the report of the gun she breathed her last.

It appears that while the others of the party were amusing themselves below, Miss Amsden, together with several other young ladies, had entered the cloak-room at the head of the stairs. A few minutes afterward Blanchard Whipple, a young lad about fifteen years old, came up for a pillow to be used in a well-known children's game, and playfully commanded the girls to run down stairs and play "pillow."

Miss Amsden, in a sportive mood, snatched the pillow from his hands and refused to give it back. Young Blanchard then brought out a double-barrelled shot-gun from a clothes-press, and, pointing it at her in a mock tragic manner, repeated his demand that she should give up the pillow, at the same time attempting to snatch it from her.

The other girls were frightened at this, and ran out of the room, which they had scarcely quitted before the weapon was in some manner discharged. The spectacle was a terrible one, and in the brilliantly-lighted house, crowded with the young girls in their white dresses, who had the moment before been so mirthful and joyous, the presence of death in such a form seemed doubly solemn. The body was taken home. Her distracted parents were there waiting to receive it, and their cries of anguish were most heart-rending.

A SQUARE WORLD.

A country schoolmaster, of the olden time, was fitting his pupils for the yearly examinations by clergymen of the district. He had before him the junior geography class.

"Can any little poy or kirl tell me chwat is the shape of the earth?"

To this there was no answer.

"O, dear me, this is cholanmely. Chwat will the ministers sink o' this? Well, I'll gie you a token to mind it. Chwat is the shape of the snuff-box in ma han'?"

"Square, sir," replied all,

"Yess; but on Sabbath, chwen I shange ma claes, I shange ma snuff-box, and I wears a roond one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination day came, and the junior geography class was called.

"Fine intelligent class, this, Mr. Mackenzie," said one of the clergymen.

"O, yess, sir,—they're neebor-like."

"Can any of the little boys or girls tell me what is the shape of the earth?"

Every hand was extended, every head thrown back, every eye flashed with eager excitement in the good old style of schools. One was singled out, with a "You, my little fellow,—tell us."

"Roond on Sundays, an' square all the rest o' the week."

THE DOER.

Her hands were not soft and waxen,
Of a pale and delicate hue;
They were brown and hard and rugged,
With always something to do.

Something to do, when squanderers
Were wasting the time away;
Still doing, when dreamy idlers
Sat moping the livelong day.

She had not gold in her treasure,
In her veins no royal blood;
But her noble heartfelt duty
Was the only path to good.

So to the faint and weary one,
Her hand it was firm and strong.
Her smile was never so cheery
As when helping the weak along.

To the lone, the sad and sorrowing,
She came like a ray of light,
Gilding the darkest, dreariest shores
That fell from the train of night.

She lived, but the world scarce knew it,
She died—there was little to say:
The pulpit "just heard of the woman,"
Who for others toiled night and day.

But He of the many mansions
Had waited to take her in,
Well knowing that always faithful
To the Master she had been.

Methodist Protestant.

PLUCKY GIRLS.

Deer have a good name as gentle and timid animals, never doing any harm except when attacked. But possibly some particular color may excite them, and stir up fighting qualities, for one recently attacked three Pennsylvania girls in a boat, who were brave enough to defend themselves. The incident has quite a flavor of romance about it.

Last week three young women, residing near the Big Brink Pond, in Shohola township, Pa., started to go berrying. They were obliged to cross the pond to reach the woods. Before entering the boat, they saw something in the distance, swimming in the water. Thinking it was a dog, they paid no further attention to it, but started on their way across the pond, which is about two miles wide.

After rowing for several hundred yards, the girl who was piloting the boat saw that what they first thought to be a dog swimming in the water was a buck, which was coming directly towards them. Having a clumsy pair of oars, it was some time before the boat could be turned, and then the deer had reached towithin a few yards of them.

The girls became greatly terrified, for the deer was fast gaining on them, and from the way it snorted and plunged, they were satisfied that it meant mischief. While the one rowed with all her might, the other two paddled, thus somewhat increasing their speed; but the deer was slowly gaining on them, and knowing that they would not reach the shore before being overtaken, they ceased rowing to prepare for the inevitable battle.

When the deer, snorting and plunging, had reached to within a few feet of the boat, it stopped for a moment. Then it made a sudden plunge, and as his head struck the side of the boat, the brave girls brought down their raised paddles upon it with such force as to drive it under the water. The girls again raised their only weapons, and as the head rose again to the surface, they again brought their paddles to bear upon it with the same result.

When the deer again raised from the water, it seemed to realize that this was to be the death-struggle, and his eyes gleamed like balls of fire. It made a lunge, and threw its fore feet over the side of the boat, near the oar-locks.

This nearly capsized the clumsy craft, and threw Maggie Jordan, the oldest of the three, into the water; but as she fell, she caught the edge of the boat, and was hauled in by one of her companions. Then the heroine at the oars, as she felt the animal's breath in her face, raised a paddle and struck for her life, and as the blow fell across the deer's head, the blood started from its nostrils, and it sank back, helpless and seemingly dead, but really only stunned.

The girls then started for the shore, leaving the deer struggling between life and death in the water. Reaching the shore, one of the girls ran to a small log cabin an eighth of a mile distant, in which lived a family by the name of Berger, and told what had occurred. Mr. Berger seized his rifle and went to the pond, where he found the wounded deer yet struggling in the water, a few rods from the shore. He rowed out to it and seized it by the antlers, cut its throat, and then towed the body to the shore. The deer was the largest ever killed in the neighborhood, weighing two hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Even to such as have never known the bereavement which makes the sign so sad, the little song,—

"We shall meet but we shall miss him,"

has made familiar the pathos of the "vacant chair." The writer of the following has almost caught the spirit of the lamented Hans Christian Andersen:

It isn't the little high-chair at the table, nor the sewing-chair at the window, nor the substantial arm-chair by the grate that's empty. Our ears do not ache for the sound of pattering little feet; our hearts are not heavy with grief for an absent mother; the strong voice of our father is still in our midst. But when we look towards the corner, and see the great easy rocking-chair empty, and beside it the stand upon which still rests the big Bible and gold-bowed spectacles, the tears come into our eyes and a smile to our lips as we whisper, softly, "Grandpa's gone home." We do not weep; it would be wrong to grieve for him,—he is not dead. He's only gone home.

I remember when grandpa first came to our house. It was the next day after grandma's funeral; the old house was so lonely, grandpa came to live with us. Then he used to hoe in the garden, and take long walks with us children.

Such frolics as we used to have climbing on his knees, combing his gray hair and hiding his spectacles, until mamma would say,—

"Come, children, grandpa is tired now."

I remember how he used to read a chapter out of the great Bible in the morning, and then we all knelt down while he prayed. Sometimes, too, there were tears in his voice when he prayed for the "little children."

And then Sabbath afternoon we used to draw up our stools and chairs at his feet, and listen while he told us about heaven, where grandma was. But after a while grandpa didn't hoe the garden any more; he didn't take any more long walks; he just sat in his chair all day, sometimes reading in his Bible, and sometimes sleeping.

One Sabbath afternoon,—it was a glorious June day,—we were all out in the garden among the flowers, when little Rose plucked a bunch of rose-buds.

"They are so sweet," she said, "I'll carry them to grandpa."

Pretty soon there came a frightened cry from little Rose.

"Mamma, mamma! Something ails grandpa!"

We all entered the house, and there sat grandpa in his easy-chair, a beautiful smile hovering on his lips, and such a glad, eager look in his eyes. O, it seemed as if heaven itself was reflected in those eyes! Mamma stepped to his side, and laid her hand on his head. There was just one fluttering sigh, and then the eyelids dropped. When mamma raised her head, there were tears in her eyes, as she said, very quietly,—

"Children, grandpa's gone home."

After that came a funeral. The choir sang a sweet, low song, the minister made a prayer, and a long line of carriages went up the Hillside Cemetery.

When we had laid our wreaths of white flowers on the grave, we came home. Now everything goes on as it did before, only there's the Bible, the gold-bowed spectacles, a green spot in our memory, and the vacant chair.

GARDEN AND HOUSE PESTS.

Housekeepers are natural enemies to vermin, but find the pests sometimes too strong for them. Young people who try their hand at gardening, and find the currant-worms destroying their currants, and the wasps eating their blackberries, and the squash-bugs spoiling their vines, often get discouraged, and give up the attempt in despair. Charles Thompson says he finds no trouble in disposing of all sorts of vermin, and it is worth while to know how he does it:

I have not seen a bedbug or a flea in my house for many years. If an army of them were to be brought in, mercury would speedily terminate them; but I think cleanliness the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common housefly I do not molest, believing that it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of its effluvia and the animalculæ which always arises from the putrefaction of decaying substances during warm weather.

So also with the birds, which are quite numerous here during the summer. Instead of shooting them, or setting up scarecrows to frighten them away, I throw out every possible inducement for them to build their nests in my fruit-trees. The birds capture a large share of the insects in the larval estate, and thus the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for a future crop of worms.

As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early enough to take the worms or not.

For the residue of insects which infest my vegetable garden, I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes material fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility. The bug or worm which cannot find vegetation unflavored with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere and leave my garden unmolested.

A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will cleanse house plants from lice in a very short time. If mosquitos or other blood-suckers infest our sleeping-rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb.

If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash thrown into their holes or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and store-room free from ants and cockroaches.

If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwellings, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution, and stuff it into a hole which can be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of open ing communication with a depot of supplies

For the Companion.

CURLY'S GRAND ADVENTURE.

"Mamma," said Curly, standing up very straight, "don't you fink I am a pretty good boy?"

"I think you try to be good," said mamma.

"But *isn't* I good now?" insisted Curly. "I haven't been naughty any single which time this week or last one. I didn't get Fourth o' Julyed, and I gave half or quarter of my torpedos away."

"Fourth of Julyed?" repeated mamma.

"Yes 'm; ran away and got burned wiv powder, like ze naughty boys in books," explained Curly.

"Well," said mamma.

"And *so* I want to ride on ve cow-catcher! Can I, mamma?" said Curly.

"Ride on the cow-catcher? Curly Ross!" cried mamma, quite shocked.

"Charley Foster went once wiv his papa, and Uncle Tom is going, and I fink he could take me," urged Curly.

But mamma said, just as *your* mammas would say, that she couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't trust her little boy to any Uncle Toms riding on engines on excursion trains, going through the most beautiful valley in the land.

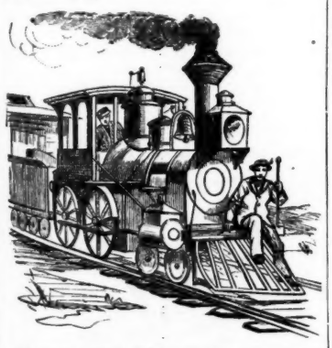
"When you are grown up, perhaps you may, if you are not too wise to risk it, but not now," she said, kissing him. "What would I do if any accident befel my little boy?"

"You might ask God for anover one, maybe," said Curly. "But most likely fings wouldn't happen to me, only but just a good time."

"I can't possibly let you go," said mamma again, and Curly's face darkened.

"Girls 'most always are 'fraid, but I didn't 'spect big women are," he muttered.

But muttering or fretting never made mamma change her mind, when she had once decided a thing, so when the excursion train started, Curly was with his mother in what he called "noffin but a common car;" but nevertheless he looked and acted like a happy boy, in spite of Uncle Tom's riding without him in the place of danger and excitement.



"O, vere's a lake! and just see ve mountains!" cried Curly, looking out of the car window in great delight.

It certainly was very grand, and the older people enjoyed the scenery better than the children did.

Presently the train came to a stop.

It had not reached any town, but was still in the midst of high hills, and surrounded by many trees, and the reason for the stopping was that some part of the engine was broken.

"It will take a couple of hours to get it mended," said Uncle Tom, coming to Curly's mamma. "We might as well get out and explore the woods a little. There is a pretty ravine near by."

"Me, too?" said Curly; and he went clinging to Uncle Tom's hand, rejoicing to climb over the rocks, and ramble deeper into the woods.

Two hours went by; the engine was ready and most of the passengers had come back.

The engineer sounded the whistle,—*Toot, toot!* to call them all, and presently the train went on again as before.

But not exactly as before, because Curly and his uncle were not aboard.

While mamma thought it was Curly's sailor hat she had seen climbing into the next car, and sat waiting for him to join her, it was really not Curly at all.

He was sitting under a bush, staining his lips with wild raspberries, and Uncle Tom was trying his fishing-rod in a brook, and neither of them had heard the whistle, or dreamed that the train had left them.

When they got back to the track and found it out, Curly cried, and Uncle Tom whistled.

"Cheer up, my boy!" at last said Mr. Tom. "We will take the next train that comes along, and while we wait, we will camp out."

That made Curly stop crying.

Then Uncle Tom collected together many dried sticks, and with a match from his pocket, lighted a great blazing fire, by which, as evening came on he sat and told Curly stories until the little lad was sleepy; then he wrapped him in his own coat, and laid him on a bed of fir branches.

"I'm a little hungry, but I fink it's pretty grown-up to camp out," said Curly, drowsily, as he shut his eyes.

As for Mr. Tom, he kept the fire bright, and smoked cigars while on guard; and there he was when an early train came along, and seeing the fire and his signals, slowed up, and took on board the two lost ones.

Curly breakfasted on a pint of peanuts bought on that train, and thought it was great fun; but Uncle Tom looked rather too hungry for peanuts to satisfy.

And didn't the people of the excursion train laugh at them when they all met at noon at Glen Falls!

Mamma? Well, she did as your mothers would have done, and cried for her little lost boy all the time Curly was snugly sleeping in Uncle Tom's coat.

She hugged and kissed Curly as if she would never let him go, when at last she had him safe in her arms again.

"We camped out, mamma," said Curly, grandly; "and it was pretty much bigger than to ride on ve engine, so, now!"

This is a true story; and Curly will tell you so if you ask him. C. A. G.

For the Companion.

CHILDREN.

I am glad that God
Made such pretty things,—
Flower, and leaf, and sod,
Bird, with rapid wings.
Glad am I for wind,
Rain, and sunshine fair,
But more glad to find
Children everywhere.

Ah, what flower that opes
Hath such gentle eyes,
Full of dreams and hopes,
Doubts and shy surprise!
Ah, what blossom wreath
That the wild bee sips
Hath more fragrant breath
Than the children's lips!

Ice may clothe the boughs,
Snow fall deep and wide,
Spring is in the house
When the children bide.
To the heart that dies,
To the soul that errs,
Children's lips and eyes
Are God's ministers.

Night without a star,
Day without a sun,
Such the sad lives are
That love no little one!
Glad am I for friends,
Glad for work and care,
Gladder still God sends
Children everywhere.

MARY ANICE DEVERE.

For the Companion.

GOING TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Little Moll was up bright and early Sunday morning, for she was going to Sunday school to-day.

She had never been to Sunday school in all her two-year-old life.

She had seen Bertha and Johnny start off ever since she could remember, and she had stood on her tip-toes, and watched them out of sight; but now her little toes wriggled with delight at the thought that they were going 'way, 'way out of sight, too.

Bertha was up early too, for Bertha was proud of Molly. She was glad to have the chance to show her off.

Johnny wouldn't have confessed it, but he was delighted with the idea that Jim Smith and the other boys in his class—but Jim in particular—would see what a pretty little sister he had.

And Molly did look very sweet when she was dressed in her rosetted slippers, her white dress, with its blue sash, and especially the cunning little bonnet, with the curls spilling out of it.

She behaved beautifully while she was being dressed, drawing down the corners of her mouth, and looking very patient when Bertha pulled her hair or turned her about by the shoulders; and a very meek-looking little lady it was that took mamma's good-by kiss and you would not have thought that mamma's cautions to "be a good girl," were at all necessary.

Bertha led Molly into her class in the Sabbath school-room, and lifted her upon the seat, and the little one folded her hands very prettily, while the girls nudged each other to look, and the teacher smiled the pleasantest smile you can imagine, and for about two minutes things went on to Bertha's satisfaction.

Johnny, from his side of the house, looked over to Molly, and he was just wishing that Jim Smith would happen to look that way too, when Molly caught his eye. Her precise little hands unfolded, she slid down from the seat, and, before Bertha could stop her, she was on her way to Johnny.

Bertha started to go after her, but the teacher shook her head, and Bertha sat down again.

Molly crowded past the row of boys in Johnny's class till she came to Johnny; then she put both hands on his knees, and raised her puckered lips for a kiss.

Johnny grew red as he shook his head crossly. The bright look went out of Molly's face, and she turned to go back to Bertha.

Johnny caught hold of her, but she squirmed out of his hands down upon her knees, and, with a low cry, began to crawl under the seats.

Johnny clutched at one foot, and the slipper came off in his hands. The boys snickered, and Johnny's face grew hotter and hotter as he looked at the slipper in a helpless way.

Molly, feeling herself pursued, increased her baby wail, and crowded herself a path among boots and shoes till she came out into the floor, a sorry-looking little object,—one slipper gone, her white dress extremely mussed, her sash falling off, and the little bonnet bent into all sorts of shapes.

She looked around, frightened out of her wits, as she saw all eyes upon her, and set up a loud cry.

Poor Bertha, almost out of her wits, too, hurried towards her, and taking her hand not very gently, tried to draw her to the door; while Molly, not feeling any sympathy in her sister's touch, cried louder, called for mamma, and tried to pull away.

Bertha gathered her into her arms, and carried her out, and the little shake she gave her when she got her out was a very bad thing to give, for Molly turned her cries into shrieks, and Bertha couldn't quiet her.

She carried her, screaming and calling for mamma, down the street, while people came to their doors in astonishment, and Bertha's arms almost dropped off with fatigue.

Mamma was waiting at the gate, and she took her baby in her arms, and carrying her in, pacified her as only she could have done, while Bertha followed on, and throwing herself upon the sofa, face down, cried with mortification and weariness.

When mamma had pacified Molly, and the little thing was quiet in her crib, she sat down by the sofa, and Bertha told her all about it; and then mamma put her hand on Bertha's hot forehead, and said, very pleasantly, "I was afraid, dear, that it wasn't in just the right spirit that you took Molly with you to-day. Pride must have a fall, do you see?"

When Johnny came home, he took the slipper from his pocket and threw it under the table with a "Humph!" that meant a good deal, and that was about all you could get out of him that day.

But next morning he told Bertha that Jim Smith said that that little sister of his was gritty enough, anyhow; and Bertha got a little bit of comfort out of that. M. E. H.

Here are two little keys which you will all please put on your rings:

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease,
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these,
"I thank you, sir," and, "If you please."

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, &c.

1.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

A pain; a measure of land. To behold; a prophet. The head; Latin for father. An insect; a beverage. To cook; a monk. A market; one who dies for truth. MAT.

2.

WORD SQUARE.

A term applied to a certain sect. To boil down. To write. A girl's name. Belonging to the regions below. Distressing. SEPTUAGINT.

3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An abscess. 2. One of the United States. 3. A heavenly body. 4. A small animal. 5. One of the great lakes. 6. Mid-day.

The initials form the name of an American city, and the finals the name of a foreign city. S. C. N.

4.

REBUS.

WILLY WISP.

5.

[Make the following sentences from one word. The same letter may be repeated.]

Dennis finds his fish in his side dish. He finished his fine fed fish. In fun he hid his fins. She shunned Dennis. If she finds fish inside his dish, his fun is finished. His sun-fish died in his shed. Sunfish shine in fine hues. AUNT LOIS.

6.

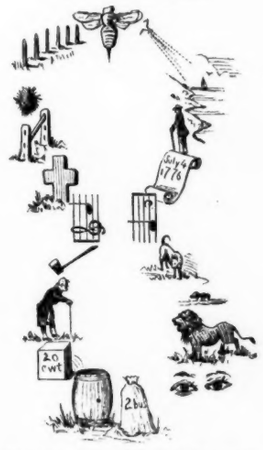
CHARADE.

My *whole* is found within my *first*,
A curious home, its owner in it;
My *second*, walking on the beach,
Espied and snatched it, in a minute;
Watched its *odd points* with searching eyes,
And carried home his ocean prize.

J. P. B.

7.

A NEW KIND OF REBUS.



Find twenty compound words in this puzzle.

L. G.

8.

CHARADE.

My *first* in freedom once did roam
Throughout our glorious land,
Where but a few now find a home,
A wretched, miserable band.

My *second* heads a list well known
To every schoolboy's eye.
In first class, always "number one,"
And musical, too, by-the-by.

My *whole* is a noble Western State,
Where your servant, the author, lives.
The answer soon will flash through the pate
Of him who attention gives.

GRANGER.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Cricket, Roach, Moth, Bee, Wasp, Ant, Fly, Hornet, Mosquito, Beetle, Miller, Gnat, Mite, Tick, Flea.

2. OBTUSE-ANGLED-TRIANGLE. Line, Obtuse-angle, Tetragon, Diagonal, Sub-tangent, Radius, Tangent, Lens, Sine, Line, Node.

3. Tar-paw-Lynn. (Tarpaulin.)

4. Gig, Opera, Ant Tree. GOAT, GATE. (The goat is hidden.)

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SAND-SHOWERS IN CHINA.

Every year witnesses curious sand-showers in China, when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky, but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with a fine dust, entering eyes, nostrils and mouth, and often causing serious diseases of the eye. This dust, or sand, as the people call it, penetrates houses, reaching even apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to come from the great Desert of Gobi, as the sand of Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried hundreds of miles away.

The Chinese, while sensitive to the personal discomfort arising from these showers, are resigned to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture. They say that a year of numerous sand-showers is always a year of large fertility. The sand probably imparts some enriching elements to the soil, and it also tends to loosen the compact alluvial matter of the Chinese valleys. It is possible that these showers may be composed of microscopic insects like similar showers, which have been noticed in the Atlantic Ocean. This would explain their fertilizing power.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

People often lose their wits in the presence of great danger, and are at a loss what to do for escape. If one retains presence of mind and perfect coolness, he can often save his own life and the lives of others. A Russian captain recently distinguished himself:

A remarkable instance of presence of mind on the part of the captain of a man-of-war is related by the St. Petersburg papers. About the end of last month the Russian war frigate *Olaf*, which had accompanied the yacht of the Czarowitz to Copenhagen, was lying at anchor among hundreds of other ships in the harbor, when a fire was discovered in a coal-cellar below, which was only a few feet from the powder-magazine. There was no time to put out the fire before it could reach the magazine, and an explosion of the large stores of cartridges and gunpowder contained in it would probably have destroyed not only the *Olaf* and the surrounding ships, but part of Copenhagen itself.

Captain Rehbinder, the commander of the *Olaf*, saw at once that the only thing to be done to prevent a catastrophe was to sink the ship. After sending away the crew, with the ship's papers, cash-boxes, and most valuable instruments in boats, he ordered the carpenters and engineers to make a leak in the vessel, and half an hour afterwards she sank in not very deep water.

Next day she was raised again, and after some provisional repairs, was taken to Cronstadt, where she is now lying in the dock pending her complete restoration for service. The damage done is stated to be comparatively trifling, and the court-martial held on the officers of the vessel unanimously expressed the highest praise of the conduct of the captain and his subordinates. The Emperor has appointed him his aide-de-camp, which is one of the highest honors conferred on Russian naval officers, and the officers and men under him have received gratuities from the Emperor's privy purse.

A GOOD-NATURED MAN WITH A CROSS BABY.

A lady riding in the cars was so pleased with the way a rough-looking father "tended baby" on one of the seats near her own, that she "immortalized" him as follows in the Worcester *Spy*:

Such a man as he was! It was wonderful, the way he conducted himself. In the first place, he was a homely, good-natured looking body, dressed in common clothes, and having the appearance of one who did rough work for a living; but such a heart as he had! such unlimited patience, and ingenuity, and jollity!

He was travelling with his wife and three small children, the youngest a baby, cross, homely, and with a perversity which made one believe in total depravity, bound not to be amused or good-natured, whatever was done for him; but *pater familias* did his best, and his best was worthy of beholding.

He dived into one pocket, and out of it into another; he brought forth strings, knives, nails; he made a rabbit of his pocket handkerchief; he made his already homely face homelier still by the most comical contortions of nose, mouth and eyes. He put his hat on the back side of his head, he pulled it over his eyes; he played peek-a-boo behind the corner of baby's cloak; and at last he plucked a feather from some unknown place and blew himself black in the face in order to keep it floating in the air for the benefit of that remarkable baby.

The last I saw and heard of him he was trying to sing that child to sleep with the words, jig, jig, joy, jig, jig, joy, repeated over and over, accompanying each word with a swaying motion of the body.

CATCHING FROGS.

Frenchmen must be multiplying in this country, or our citizens must be adopting French habits. Frogs are fast coming to be an important article of diet, and frog-catching is far more profitable than fishing. A writer in the Troy *Press* says:

I was out driving on Saturday, and a few miles from here found two men in a swamp by the side of the road, who seemed to be crazy, to judge from their movements. I watched them from the carriage some time, and finally made up my mind that they were fishing; but how they could find water enough to fish in, I could not imagine. Finally I called out to them,—

"What are you doing there?"

"Come and see," one of them shouted back.

I hitched my horse, and picked my way over the bogs to them. They were catching frogs. They would strike them with clubs where they could reach them, but the most of them they caught with a wire "snare." They had a large basketful,—more than one hundred pounds, they said, and I guess they told the truth.

One of them said he made a good deal of money catching frogs for the New York market. He said that in one month last season he caught 1600 pounds of dressed frogs, for which he got thirty cents a pound, making $480 for his month's work. Part of the time he had two boys to help him.

FRIGHTENED.

The Empress Elizabeth inherits the simplicity of her manners from her father, the Archduke Maximilian Luitpold of Bavaria. The gentleman always travels very quietly, and with no more state or forma than any ordinary private gentleman. He was recently on his way from Munich to Vienna to visit his daughter. In the same compartment in the train with himself was a talkative little Austrian tradesman, who soon got into conversation with his quiet-looking companion. After talking over matters and things for some time, and getting ample information about his business, his family, his destination, &c., he asked,—

"And pray, sir, where are you going?"

"To Vienna."

"On business?"

"No; to visit my daughter, who is married to an Austrian."

"Is your son-in-law in a good business?"

"Well, tolerably good, but troublesome at times."

"What is he?"

"The Emperor."

At this answer the poor little man became covered with confusion, nor could all the laughing protestations of the good-natured Arch-duke avail to reassure him, and he darted out of the carriage at the very next stopping-place.

TOO MUCH DOG.

The London *Graphic* gives an amusing account of a man who *wasn't* rescued from drowning by two dogs:

The instinct of Newfoundland dogs to save a drowning person has been somewhat painfully tested by an unlucky Frenchman. He was walking in the country with a friend, who possessed a magnificent Newfoundland, and incautiously questioned the truth of the animal's sagacity. The dog's master, vexed at the slur cast on his favorite, gave his friend a push, and knocked him into a shallow river. "Turk" immediately sprang in, and seizing one of the tails of the immersed man's coat, commenced to swim for land. Unfortunately, another Newfoundland, trotting along the other side of the river, saw the affair, and also came to the rescue. Dog number two seized the other tail of the coat, and wished to swim back to his master. Turk held fast and struggled for his side, and the owner of the coat cried in vain for help. At last the coat gave way, and each Newfoundland swam proudly home with a piece of cloth in his mouth, so that Turk's master was obliged to plunge in himself to save his friend.

COULDN'T SEE THE "IT."

Weak intellects can learn particulars, but they find it hard to sum them up. A correspondent sends us the following:

"Old Uncle Jimmie" was a colored man, over seventy years of age, who attended school, and was trying to learn to read. His efforts and the patience of his teachers were at last rewarded by his mastery of the alphabet. Then he was introduced to the mysteries of orthography, and the little word "it" was under examination. After naming the letters many times, and pronouncing the word after his teacher, he still seemed puzzled.

"Do you understand it now?" said the teacher.

"Well," he replied, "I see the 'i' and the 't,' but I can't see the 'it.'"

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM WILD STEERS.

A wild steer entered Central Park in New York the other day, and made rushes on a number of people before it was killed. In every case the park police shouted to the persons attacked to throw themselves on the ground and lie motionless. Whenever this was done before the steer reached the persons, it stopped, gazed at the prostrate form, and ran off without further demonstration. Even when those who were struck had the presence of mind to lie quiet where they dropped, no further notice was taken of them.

LADY SCOTT, knowing well what was thought of her husband's works, sometimes ventured to speak of them in disparaging terms. She would say, "If I want an evening dress, or an ornament for my drawing-room, I have only to make Walter write some of his nonsense, and I can then order it at once." Scott wrote fast, and it is said "could compose a chapter while cutting down a tree."

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

The "times are hard," as many know,
And thousands know the rest of it;
Let each a wise submission show,
And try to "make the best of it."
Let patience do its perfect work,
And study to *Economize*;
Nor honest labor let us shirk,
And we shall higher for it rise.
If we have BOYS who need new "CLOTHES,"
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
Buy them a "Suit" at GEORGE FENNO'S,
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BE4 ordering your Cards elsewhere send to us for samples of all styles. 50 stylish Visiting Cards for 20cts. Best inducements yet given to agents. G. B. ULLMAN & Co., 12 Winter St., Boston, Mass. 30—26t

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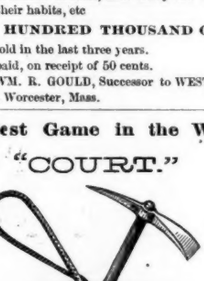

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